PEEPS AT
GREAT EXPLORERS

CAPTAIN COOK

G. E. MITTON

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PEEPS AT
GREAT EXPLORERS

CAPTAIN COOK

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME

COLUMBUS

BY

G. E. MITTON

Containing 12 page illustrations, four of them in colour

MARCO POLO

BY

SIR GEORGE SCOTT

Containing 12 page illustrations, four of them in colour

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CAPTAIN COOK

After the portrait by Nathaniel Dance.

PEEPS AT GREAT EXPLORERS

CAPTAIN COOK

BY

G. E. MITTON

AUTHOR OF

"PEEPS AT LONDON," "PEEPS AT HISTORY OF SCOTLAND,"
"PEEPS AT THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY," ETC.

WITH NINE FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS,
EIGHT OF THEM IN COLOUR

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NOTE

Never was there a time when the exploration of the earth's surface appealed more strongly to the hearts and minds of men than it does now. The development of the aeroplane, with all its possibilities of penetration into regions inaccessible before, has created enthusiasm only comparable with the enthusiasm which burst forth in the Elizabethan age and sent men sailing into the unknown.

It is futile to say that the main outlines of all the countries of the world have been charted; there are still regions awaiting the magic touch of the discoverer, some holding remains of ancient civilizations which yield nothing in interest to those heretofore laid bare.

It must be remembered that it is only in our day man has reached the North and South Poles, and that first flights have been made over deserts hitherto untraversed and mountain ranges which have held their sombre secrets since the world began.

Could the mingled romance and heroism of travel ever soar higher than in the story of Scott's march to the South Pole, and his tragic return journey? In the story of every true explorer there is much to enlighten the mind and touch the heart in varying degree. In this series it is hoped to capture something of this enlightenment and pathos in the life-stories of those men who, imbued with the passion of discovery, have risked everything to fill in the map of the world.

The stories must be confined to those who are no longer among us, but will be brought up to the very date of yesterday in the case of Doughty, Scott, Peary, and many another. To tell such wondrous tales as they should be told, we must begin far back with Columbus the Genoese, who revealed the linked mass of the Americas, where only a vast ocean scattered with islands had been supposed to exist; with Marco Polo, who laid open the interior of the continent of Asia and the great Empire of China to wondering Western eyes; with Cook, who visited the four quarters of the globe, outlining New Zealand and much of Australia, who crossed both the Arctic and Antarctic Circles, who charted the coasts of North America, and peopled the South Seas with innumerable islets.

In those days even the larger outlines were missing from our maps; to-day it is the more detailed work that is carried on, yet both appeal to everyone who has a spirit beyond the armchair and imagination to carry him on wings to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Printed in Great Britain

CONTENTS

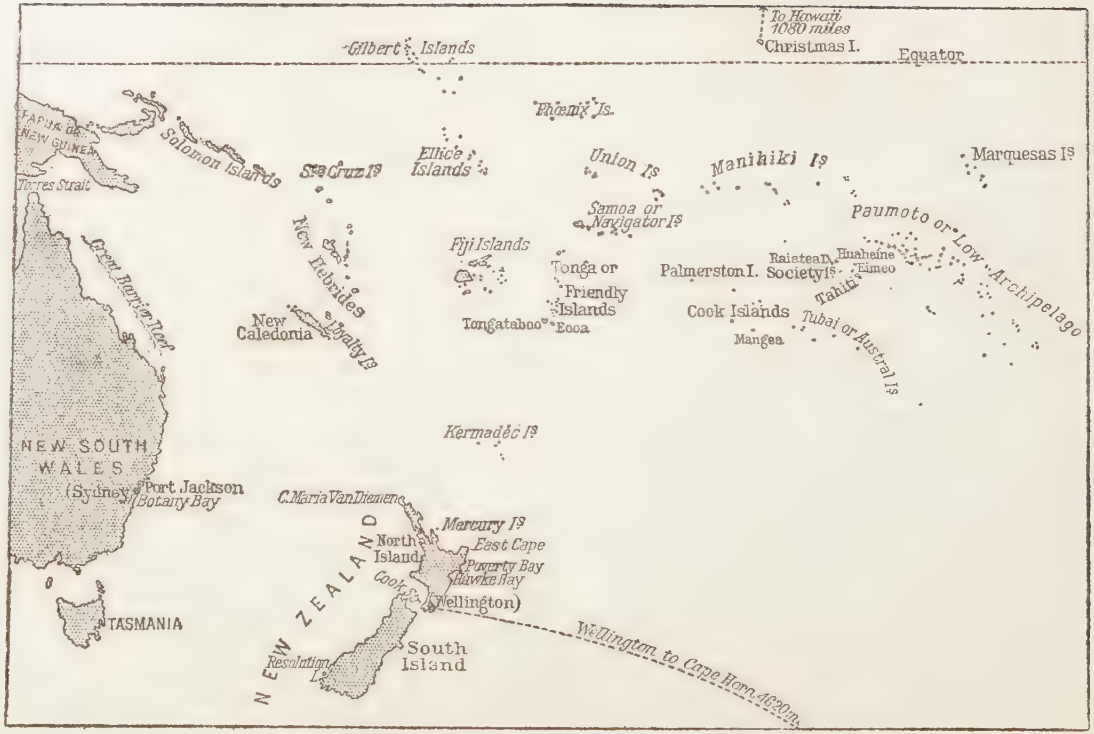
CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	FROM APPRENTICE TO MASTER R.N.	1
II.	THE CHANCE COMES	7
III.	NEW ZEALAND AND HER PEOPLE	13
IV.	THE RETURN OF THE "ENDEAVOUR" (FIRST VOYAGE)	21
V.	ICY REGIONS	29
VI.	AMONG THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS (SECOND VOYAGE)	35
VII.	THE ADMIRALTY DEMANDS	46
VIII.	BEGINNING OF THE THIRD VOYAGE	50
IX.	OMAI RETURNS HOME	53
X.	SEA-HORSES AND ESQUIMAUX	57
XI.	COOK AS A GOD	62
XII.	DEATH OF THE CAPTAIN	73
XIII.	WHAT REMAINS	85

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

(ALL, EXCEPT THE FRONTISPIECE, IN COLOUR)

		FACING PAGE
CAPTAIN COOK.	(*After the painting by Nathaniel Dance*)	*Frontispiece*
CAPTAIN COOK ASHORE AT TAHITI		11
MOUNT COOK, NEW ZEALAND		26
OBTAINING ICE FOR FRESHWATER SUPPLY		31
MARQUESAS ISLANDERS BARTERING FRUIT		38
ATTACKED BY NATIVES AT ERROMANGO		47
PACIFIC ISLANDERS		54
SHOOTING WALRUS OR SEA-HORSES FOR FOOD		59
DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK		74

Sketch-Map of the South Pacific Islands on page vi



SKETCH-MAP OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDS.

The Islands visited by Captain Cook are named in heavier type.

CAPTAIN COOK

CHAPTER I

FROM APPRENTICE TO MASTER R.N.

That part of the English coast, which bounds Yorkshire on the east, is noted for its fine and bold scenery. The high-lying moors inland run out almost to the sea, and end in great headlands and bluffs, falling steeply to the shore. In places the line is broken by narrow denes or valleys, carved by the action of water finding its way to the sea. In the deep shelter of such places small houses may be seen scattered about at various levels, standing on terraces or shelves, and connected by flights of well-worn steps; one of these tiny villages is Staithes, lying almost midway between Saltburn and Whitby.

Staithes is walled in by two mighty cliffs, called Colburn Nab and Penny Nab. Here, in the year 1741, was a double shop, small and dark, with two counters opposite each other, one for groceries and one for drapery. Customers were served by the proprietor, Mr. Sanderson, or by a tall, lanky boy, with quick inquisitive brown eyes, brown hair and high cheek bones. He was only a young apprentice, but he was destined to become one of England's most famous sons, with a name foremost in the annals of exploration and discovery, for this was James Cook.

" Headlands all over the Pacific are the head-lines of Cook's geographical exploration." His name is written in bay and cape and island in every quarter of the earth, if not actually, for he was a modest man and named his discoveries after anyone rather than himself, yet in fact, as the discoverer.

His father was a labourer, a hind as it is called in the north, where any farmer of any standing has at least two or three hinds. This man, James Cook also, and Elizabeth, his wife, had eight children, of which James was the second, and he was born on October 27, 1728. At least four of the children died very young, probably from poor feeding and the hard work demanded from their mother which prevented her looking after them properly. The one brother older than James, lived to be twenty-three, and the two youngest sisters married and had children, one of them, Margaret Fleck, leaving many descendants. The boy was born at the little village of Marton, some miles south of Middlesbrough, in country so flat that it obviously was once a great tidal estuary. When James was eight, the family moved a few miles farther south to Great Ayton, which lies at the very edge of the great fells and moors near Rosebery Topping. This remarkable peak rises 1,000 feet, sharply and conspicuously. Great Ayton was a much more interesting place than Marton for a boy, and there were no end of possibilities for filling up a free afternoon pleasantly among the becks and heather, and the great grey stones of the rough moorland heights.

When very small James had been taught his letters by a kindly old cottage woman, and at Great Ayton he got a little more schooling, such as it was in those

days, but by far the greater part of his learning came from self-teaching and assiduous diligence in later days. When he was thirteen it was considered time for him to begin regular work, and he was apprenticed to the draper-grocer, Mr. Sanderson, at Staithes, which lay about fifteen miles due east of Great Ayton. There was a fairly direct road all the way, and the boy, with his little bundle, most likely went in a carrier's cart. Besides his elder brother, John, he left behind also at least one little sister alive. The others were not yet born.

While he was at Staithes, he slept under the counter, was kept very hard at work, and probably received little or no actual money in wages.

James Cook could not stand the stuffiness of the shop. He longed for the sea and the spray and the salt winds. So, the story goes that one day, after he had been apprenticed rather more than a year, instead of sweeping out the shop as usual when he rose early, he packed up his small bundle, which was but one shirt—his only shirt—carried in his only handkerchief, and with about a shilling in his pocket, started to walk the nine miles to Whitby, where he could find real ships, for at Staithes there was nothing larger than a fishing cobble. There are many versions of this story. One of them avers that he stole a new shilling out of the till. But he was a conscientious boy, carefully brought up, and that does not seem likely.

A more probable version relates that a customer paid in a bright new shilling the day before, and the lad, being struck with it, changed one of his old dull ones, probably his only one, for it. That his master having noticed the new shilling and discovered it in

his pocket, accused him of stealing, and that it was the unpleasantness of this incident which made him run away. Another tale says that he did not run away at all, but merely declared he did not want to be an apprentice any longer, and that Mr. Sanderson himself took him to Whitby. This also seems very unlikely.

It is most likely that there was some misunderstanding over the new shilling, which has lived so long in history. Indeed, the story about it is so detailed that it is probably founded on fact. It is said that this shilling was one of those struck in the reign of George I. and marked on the reverse S.S.C. for South Sea Company, which, if true, seems strangely prophetic in regard to the boy who was to chart the South Seas.

Whitby is celebrated in song and story. At the ancient abbey the lay brother Cædmon, long before the days of the Norman invasion, suddenly proved himself a poet, by bursting into that flood of song, of "The Creation of the World, the Origin of Man," and all the sacred story, so that not only his fellows, but the Abbess Hilda, friend and counsellor of kings, was astonished at his gifts. Very little of the stern grey abbey walls are left now; they still rear themselves majestically on the great height overlooking the little harbour, and in Cook's day there was much more of them.

Whitby too, though wider, is on the same model as the other coast villages in this district, and is built over the sides of a valley between two heights.

Even in 1742 Whitby was a busy place, with a shipbuilding business, and a large trade with the Baltic, and all the northern ports. It was also the home port for colliers carrying British coal around the

coasts, or to foreign ports. One of these was the *Freelove*, a ship of a good size for those times, for she was registered at 450 tons. She belonged to two Quaker brothers called John and Henry Walker, who lived in Whitby. When the long-legged, fresh-coloured boy boldly asked the ship's Master if he would take him on, he was referred to the owners. The brothers Walker liked to do things in order, and communicated with his father first, and saw that his previous indentures were cancelled, before he was apprenticed to them for three years in proper form.

James Cook sailed as that most hard-worked and roughly fed creature on earth, a collier's boy at sea. The seas were north seas too, cold and wild, and the accommodation was very limited.

Yet somehow and somewhere during the years while he served on one or another of the Walkers' ships, and during his short periods of rest ashore, this remarkable boy educated himself, learnt enough of navigation, astronomy, and calculations to serve his turn in command, and finally, after ten years, was appointed mate of the *Friendship*, a ship of 400 tons. He remained a mate for three years, and being well trained by his diligence and constant observation of what went on around him, he was able to learn much more in his new position than had been possible before. His keen observation of the smallest details of circumstance was one of his strongest characteristics all his life.

War between England and France broke out in 1756, and in those days there were press-gangs. James Cook knew that he might very likely be " pressed " as his ship was then lying in the Thames, and he considered it more dignified to volunteer for naval service,

even though by doing so he lost his position as mate in the Mercantile Marine, and became a common sailor in the Navy. He was accepted and went over to America, where we were fighting the French, and there he served under General Wolfe. After two years as seaman he was made mate in the Royal Navy, and in another two years was Master of the *Mercury*, and thus was a Master R.N., which was a much better position than being mate of a collier.

While off the coast of America, Cook volunteered for a dangerous operation—namely, to take soundings in the St. Lawrence River, right in front of French fortified positions. This demanded technical knowledge and accuracy, no less than coolness. But he did it successfully, and barely escaped with his life. Following on this he was employed to survey the part of the river below Quebec, and his chart was so accurate that it continues in use until to-day. It is said that while wintering at Halifax in 1761-2, he took the chance of studying Euclid, mathematics, and navigation generally, as well as astronomy. Considering how very little teaching he had ever had, his success in these studies shows genius.

He returned to England as Master of the *Northumberland*, a first rate man-of-war, in the autumn of 1762, and in December of that year married Elizabeth Batts. Four months later he was recalled to duty, in order to survey Newfoundland, the excellence of his work now being recognised. For four years he worked around those coasts, going out in the spring, to sound and survey and chart, and returning to England for the winter. During this time he contributed a paper to the Royal Society on an eclipse of the sun he had

observed while in Newfoundland; by this we may gauge the extent of his knowledge.

He had taken a house in Mile End Road, which was then fairly open country, and here his wife lived, and here he returned to her from time to time. Two sons, James and Nathaniel, were born to him, and a daughter, Elizabeth, who was only a year old when he finally returned there in 1767, having completed his work round the shores of Newfoundland and Labrador.

So far all that he had done, wonderful as it is, was but a prelude and preparation for what was to be his great achievement, his real life's work.

CHAPTER II

THE CHANCE COMES

The boy who had begun his independent career as a draper's apprentice was now promoted to be a Lieutenant R.N., and placed in charge of an expedition sent out by the Admiralty to observe the transit of Venus across the sun, which could best be done from the South Pacific.

Lieutenant Cook was consulted in the choice of a ship, and selected a strong, stout, collier-built craft from his old port of Whitby. She was named the *Endeavour*, and though only 370 tons, she carried on board ninety-four men, with much live-stock, as tinned foods were not then manufactured.

It was the most learned ship's company that had ever

been collected together before that time, for besides the usual complement of seamen and officers, there was the party of Mr. (afterwards Sir) Joseph Banks, a young man of twenty-five. He had a large independent fortune, which he devoted almost entirely to science. He fitted out the ship with all necessary appliances for the proper observation of the astronomical event they were going out to observe, and also with everything requisite for collecting and preserving every new object in the vegetable and animal kingdoms that might be discovered. He took with him a young Swede, Dr. Solander, as assistant, and a staff of servants. The Admiralty sent out Mr. Green from Greenwich Observatory in charge of the astronomical section, and there were as well two artists engaged by Mr. Banks to make drawings of figures and landscapes.

The *Endeavour* was decked, and the living accommodation was below, not high at stern and prow, as in the old ships of centuries earlier. Just before she sailed, Captain Wallis, who had been engaged in exploration in the South Seas, returned, bringing news of the island of O-taheite (now called Tahiti), and it was resolved that this would be the best base for the expedition.

Everything was done slowly and deliberately. Cook was commissioned on May 27, 1768, and left Deptford on July 30. The *Endeavour* went first to Plymouth, and did not get fairly started on her voyage thence until August 26.

We have a good description of James Cook as he was at this time. He was tall and spare, and of a strong constitution. His hair, though brown, was inclined to ruddiness, and his eyes were keen and penetrating.

He had been used to hardship all his life, and ate anything there was to eat without complaint, faring no better than the men. He was a reserved man, who asked no sympathy from others, and never talked of himself or his feelings. He had a quick temper when roused and a very strong will, yet he was just. He was always master and leader, he never allowed himself to be set aside, and his punishments for those who disregarded his orders were sharp, and sometimes, as we should judge to-day, cruel. But he lived in a rougher age than ours. With his large nose, commanding height and commanding manner, Cook was singled out as leader in whatever company he might be.

From Madeira way was made across the Atlantic to Rio de Janeiro. The voyage was continued by way of the Horn.

Thirty-three days were taken to get round the dreaded Horn, and they met with strong winds and great seas, but had no mishaps beyond the death of one young seaman, who, being too sensitive under deserved rebuke, threw himself overboard.

After passing some low coral islands, the ship reached Tahiti on April 13, 1769; they had therefore taken six months to get there. The natives of Tahiti came out in numbers in their canoes at the sight of the *Endeavour*, passing up green boughs in sign of friendship. The Captain, rightly judging their meaning, had these stuck up in the rigging, before beginning to barter.

Captains Byron and Wallis had both visited the Society Islands, as Cook subsequently named this group, but only the latter in the *Dolphin* had touched

at Tahiti, which he cumbrously named King George the Third's Island.

The *Endeavour* anchored at Matavai Bay, and the next day two chiefs came on board. After accepting their invitation to go ashore, Captain Cook and some of the scientific men went in two boats, and met Tootaha, a chief who was governing this part of the island in the interest of his young nephew, Otoo. This first visit disclosed the incurable thievishness of the islanders, who picked the pockets of the visitors with such expertness that they did not know they had been robbed until they missed the articles taken. These were restored through the Chief, but it gave a warning of what was to be expected, and it was soon found both here and in other islands nothing was safe. When the natives came on board they picked up everything they could lay hands on, or by any means detach, including two of the ship's ports!

In regard to provisions, the Captain was at first disappointed to see so few hogs among the things brought out in the canoes for barter. He was told that these were scarce and valuable; no man would part with one unless he received an axe at least, and the supply of axes was limited. But as for bread-fruit, yams and coconuts, they could be bought for nails or such trifles.

Very soon after the *Endeavour* had made land, the young landscape artist, Mr. Buchan, who had been ailing ever since starting, died, and was buried at sea. A small fort had been built on a jutting point of Matavai Bay, still called Point Venus, and here the astronomical instruments were fixed up in readiness for the date when Venus should be seen crossing the

CAPTAIN COOK ASHORE AT TAHITI. *Page* 10.

face of the sun. This was due on June 3, and as the expedition had arrived in April, this meant their staying a considerable time at the island. In order to repay the people for their hospitality, Captain Cook landed some of the live-stock he had brought, including some goats. As the Tahitiens, whom the sailors called Indians, as they called every dark-skinned man they met, had never seen any four-footed creatures except pigs and dogs, they spoke of these "horned hogs," and were immensely excited about them.

The Captain also planted carefully many kinds of useful seeds, which had been carried out in sealed bottles for the purpose. Cucumbers, melons and mustard were all new to the islanders; unfortunately nothing came up but the mustard, perhaps because they had been too closely sealed. But Mr. Banks was more fortunate than the Captain in his experiments with seeds, and soon had a fine garden in which he had planted oranges, lemons and limes; these all grew eventually.

The notes taken by Captain Cook on the habits of the islanders are very full. He tells us of their way of tattooing and of their clothes. Both men and women alike wore a piece of cloth or matting like a petticoat, and thrust their heads through a hole in a sort of cloak above, which hung down behind and before. They were usually tall and well-shaped, he says, with black hair and fine white teeth, but short flat noses and thick lips. Apart from their inveterate habit of stealing, they were affable and pleasant companions, and were cleanly in their habits.

At last the day came for the transit of Venus, and as the weather had been cloudy and unsettled for some

time previously, it was anxiously watched. It dawned brilliantly clear. The precaution had been taken to send some of the company to other islands near to take further observations; but it was not necessary, for observations were well taken, though the temperature was 119° Fahr.—and we consider 90° an oppressive summer day.

When the *Endeavour* at last departed from Tahiti she had been there three months, and in spite of one or two unpleasant incidents relations with the people of the island had been most amicable, and "Toote," as the natives called Captain Cook, that being the nearest they could get to pronouncing his name, was much admired and revered. The Regent Tootaha had "exchanged names" with Cook, which was one of the customs showing friendship.

Tahiti is one of the Society Islands, a group so named because this early expedition was sent out by the Royal Society. There is now a lighthouse at Point Venus, and near it stands a railed-in enclosure surrounding a strong stone column set up in honour of Captain Cook. This is surmounted by a ball to signify his circumnavigation of the globe. Over it the palm-trees wave, and below booms the thunderous surf.

So far there had been only two deaths in the ship, and neither of these due to scurvy, that scourge of sailors in the eighteenth century. This was mainly because of the excellent care the Captain had taken of his men. He had carried with him a quantity of sauer-kraut, the German pickled cabbage; he made them drink wort, a sort of unfermented beer, and he procured fresh fruit and vegetables for them whenever he could.

CHAPTER III

NEW ZEALAND AND HER PEOPLE

When Cook left Tahiti he carried with him an islander named Tupia, who was very willing to go. He proved most useful, for the same language was spoken among all the near-by islands, and he was able to explain to the people, who had not yet seen Europeans, that their intentions were friendly. Mr. Banks tells us they passed seventeen islands and landed on five, finding the customs on all of them varying very little from those on Tahiti. They saw some curious dancing, picked up a great many live pigs to take with them, and were well treated. At many of these islands they found, as they had found at Tahiti, a platform built of large stones, which had a sacred character, as they gathered from seeing an altar with a hog laid on it as an offering.

The two most notable islands were Huaheine and Ulietea (now Raiatea). The chief of the former was Oree, who conceived a great admiration for Captain Cook, and exchanged names with him, native fashion, as Tootaha had done.

When they finally left these delightful regions, they headed south, for Cook was full of the idea of discovering a southern continent, supposed to exist, but never seen by anyone. The change was terrible. From sunny shores with plenty of fruit, shady trees and blue seas, they passed gradually into the icy regions of the Antarctic. A great many of the pigs and fowls died, and the men suffered terribly. When he found he could no longer hold on Cook returned northward,

making for New Zealand, to the great relief of his ship's company.

On October 7, 1769, New Zealand was sighted. It had been "discovered" before by the Dutchman, Tasman, who touched at South Island in 1642, but never went ashore; he had called this new land at first Staaten Land, but afterwards New Zealand. It was not known to be an island, but was supposed to jut out northwards from the southern continent, which no one had yet found.

No sooner was the *Endeavour* seen than the Maori warriors began to assemble; they were made of tougher metal than the South Sea islanders, and were always warlike. The Captain went ashore in the pinnace, taking with him in tow the small yawl, and landed on one side of the Koputetea River, which flows into Poverty Bay (so called by him), on the east side of North Island. The mouth of the river is forty yards wide. The natives assembled on one bank, so the Captain, ever fearless, went over to them in the yawl, whereupon they all ran away before he could get to them. He left some boys in the yawl, and walked up toward the line of wood to which they had retreated. No sooner had he and his party, which included Tupia, got some distance from the yawl, than some men dashed out behind them to attack the boys with long lances. In this agonising moment the cockswain in charge of the pinnace yelled to the boys to drop downstream, which they did without needing any second order; but they were not yet out of danger, for the Maoris ran along the bank beside them. The cockswain fired over their heads to frighten them, but as this did not have the least effect, and one of them

poised his spear to throw at the boys, he fired with ball and killed the man in the very act of throwing. The other three were petrified with astonishment, never having heard fire-arms before; when they recovered a little, they dragged the body of their dead companion some distance off, and then ran away.

Thus ended the first day's attempt to make friends. The next day the Captain landed again, taking Tupia with him, and getting near to some of the natives, found that Tupia understood what they said, though his dialect was not exactly the same. Tupia, speaking to them, told them that the intentions of the English were strictly pacific, and that if they were not attacked they would harm no one. He offered beads and nails, and gradually the Maoris drew nearer, at length so near that one impudently snatched off Mr. Green's hanger, or short-sword, and ran off with it. Small-shot fired at him had no effect, so as he continued to wave his spoil, and retreat, they found it necessary to fire in earnest, as they could not risk losing so valuable a weapon. Mr. Monkhouse, a midshipman, shot at him and killed him, and this made an unfortunate ending to the second day also.

After this the Captain stayed aboard, and presently as he expected, some canoes came out. He ordered that one of them should be captured, and the men in her brought on board, as he thought that by presents and kind treatment he might win them over. But the Maoris were not prepared to be taken without a fight, though Tupia from the ship earnestly assured them no harm should happen to them. They flung stones and other missiles with such deadly effect as the British boat came near, and seemed resolved on such a des-

perate attack, that the seamen might have all been killed or seriously injured, had the natives not been driven off by gunfire. In the confusion four of them were shot, and three youths jumped into the water. These boys were caught, and brought on board, but Cook was greatly distressed at the bloodshed.

However, when the boys found that they were made much of, and given good things to eat, they were very speedily so satisfied with their quarters, that when put ashore to act as messengers to the rest, they begged to be taken back to the ship again.

This expedient really did some good, for after an interval a relative of the boys came out to the ship, and later some men in canoes appeared, and afterwards many others paddled round apparently without fear. The ship then sailed south by Hawke's Bay, and returning, went north; the Captain had not yet found an ideal spot where he could get plenty of water and firewood, the two great necessaries.

But after a week the Maoris had grown used to the sight of the ship, and brought off boat-loads of fish, much of which, however, was "stinking," and unfit to eat. The Captain directed, however, it should be bought to encourage them. The people were very ready to cheat, chaffering for goods in exchange for their fish, and directly they got what they wanted in their canoes, going off without leaving the fish behind. Even the mild correction of some small-shot, to warn them, did not lead them to change their ways. They still had not the least idea of the power of fire-arms.

However, when the ship had worked round East Cape, and got into the great bay facing northward,

the people traded pretty fairly, bringing lobsters, mussels, eels and so forth. Some of the women were seen, and it was discovered they had a way of covering their faces with red ochre and oil which was far from being as becoming as they considered it, while the men adorned their faces with lines tattooed in even spirals or whorls most wonderfully executed. The most valuable discovery made here, however, was that celery grew wild in abundance almost everywhere, and as celery might be an excellent antidote to scurvy, the Captain seized on it and had it boiled with the men's porridge for breakfast, and served up constantly.

A transit of Mercury was observed on a clear day, and though not nearly so impressive as the transit of Venus, for Mercury is a very small planet close to the sun, yet it gave good results on observation.

The place where this happened was called Mercury Bay, and here Captain Cook landed, and formally took possession of the whole island in the name of King George III. It is a fact that every Briton may well be proud of, that on these islands discovered by Captain Cook in the Southern Seas in every case the original inhabitants are still living. In the groups of the South Sea islands, it is true, many died as a result of contracting the diseases of white men previously unknown there, and others were destroyed by the effects of strong drink brought out by traders, but the islands are still peopled by the original races, who are free and happy.

In New Zealand, not only do the Maoris still form a large proportion of the population, but they are actually increasing in numbers, which is a rare thing among the aboriginal races after their contact with the

white men. At the end of the nineteenth century there were only 40,000 Maoris in both islands, but at the last census this figure had risen to 60,000. They formed a quota of the 100,000 men who fought in the cause of freedom in France and Gallipoli, and they carried themselves gallantly as might be expected. They take part in the public life of their country.

All this is in strong contrast to the case of the countries first discovered and exploited by the Spaniards. Columbus himself was a Genoese, and remarkable for his humanity and gentleness, but he was powerless to control the excesses of the Spaniards who came with him and followed him, by whom the inhabitants of the West Indies were simply wiped out of existence with barbarous cruelties.

The Dominion of New Zealand—it has been a Dominion since 1907—is one of the finest countries of the Empire, and a corner-stone of strength to Britain in this part of the world. Though Cook took possession of the North Island in the name of Britain in 1769, it was only in the nineteenth century missionaries arrived here, and not until 1840 that the first group of settlers from England came out and British sovereignty was formally proclaimed.

The strait dividing the two islands is Cook Strait; the highest peak in South Island (12,349 feet) is Mt. Cook. A group of small islands near is called Cook Islands; thus the memory of this great Englishman is enshrined.

On this first voyage the *Endeavour* arrived at last at the extreme northern point of North Island, which stretches like a finger into the sea. Tasman had seen this, and labelled it Cape Maria van Diemen, after the then governor of the Dutch East Indies, but he had

never passed to the east of the islands, nor indeed did he know they were islands. This discovery was reserved for Cook, who spent six and a half months in the bays and around the coasts, surveying thoroughly, and constantly landing. So admirable was his work that a French officer, who followed him much later, declared that his charts were "of a thoroughness and exactitude" that amazed him beyond expression.

The *Endeavour* sailed down the west coast of North Island, and presently found herself in a bay among the deeply indented northern part of the South Island. This the explorer called Queen Charlotte's Sound. It was a snug bay with good anchorage, and they came to know it well, making it a meeting-place, and returning there at later times.

It was here they received a shock, for they discovered that the Maoris, though not cannibals in the usual sense of eating human flesh for its own sake, yet did actually eat the bodies of their fallen foes, probably from a hideous idea that the courage of the dead man might pass to them.

Not very long after the *Endeavour* had sailed away, a French ship put in here, and after some weeks of friendly intercourse, sixteen of the men were entrapped, slaughtered and eaten by the savages. As the only four-footed creatures seen were dogs and rats, which they also ate, Mr. Banks remarked drily that their chief meat diet was: "Fish, dogs, and their enemies." Of fish there was abundance; the waters teemed with them, and the men had only to dip a net overboard to get as many as they wanted. This was an agreeable variation from salt junk; and they also shot cormorants (shags), gannets and other sea-birds for the pot. The

islands were then curiously devoid of animal life, though there were many species of birds, including the now extinct moa, which was about twelve feet high, but without the power of flight.

Captain Cook gave generously of his remaining live animals, precious as they were. He put ashore goats in pairs, and sheep with a ram, as well as pigs and fowls. Unfortunately the sheep and goats, in their joy at being liberated among herbage once more, ate some poisonous plant and died, but the pigs throve and multiplied. All the vast flocks and herds which now enrich the country have been bred from imported animals. The flesh of the sheep which graze in millions on the rich grassy plains of Canterbury in the South Island, preserved by being frozen, is exported all over the world. It was only in 1882 New Zealand began to export meat, and now the exports of this article alone have risen to £12,000,000 a year.

Cook says of these islands: "Although they may be far remote from the present trading world, we can by no means tell what use future ages may make of the discoveries made by the present."

On the north end of South Island, not far from where the *Endeavour* was anchored, was the bay in which Tasman had attempted a landing, but having been attacked and lost some of his men, he sailed away, and the place was named Murderers' Bay.

Captain Cook passed right through the Strait between the islands notwithstanding the dangerous tide race; he did not go into the bay on which now stands Wellington, capital of both islands since 1865. It is a tradition the barque *Rosanna*, under Captain Herd,

which penetrated there in 1826, was the first European ship to enter.

After getting through, and so proving the islands were separate, Captain Cook sailed southward. He noted the chain of mountains, capped with perpetual snow, lying inland, of which the highest point was for ever to bear his name.

He was destined to visit these islands again, five, six, and eight years later, but now, having thoroughly surveyed the coast, he passed on to Australia at the end of January, 1770.

CHAPTER IV

THE RETURN OF THE "ENDEAVOUR" (FIRST VOYAGE)

AUSTRALIA is separated by 1,250 miles of sea from New Zealand; nevertheless, the Maoris had vague traditions of canoes coming over from some big land to the north-west ages before. This cannot have been a tradition about the arrival of their ancestors, for the Maori race is different in every particular from the aboriginal Australian bushman, though Cook, knowing no better, calls them both alike "Indians." New Zealand is, geologically, one of the newest of all the great masses of land, and Australia is so old that she owns species of animals to be found nowhere else in the world, links between bird and mammal.

Captain Cook left New Zealand in January, 1770, and reached the great island-continent, then known as

New Holland, in April. He touched it at the south-west corner. A little to the south and east lay the huge island called Tasmania, after the Dutch explorer who discovered it, though he first called it Van Diemen's Land. He had not landed, but sent the ship's carpenter, who swam ashore and planted the Dutch flag.

Dutchmen had passed round the western and southern shores of Australia, and William Dampier, Englishman, more of a buccaneer than an explorer, had surveyed the western side in 1699; but no European ship had yet sailed up the eastern coast. It is generally supposed that Australia was a peninsula joined at the north to New Guinea, and though Torres had actually passed through the Strait known by his name in 1606, his evidence as to the separation of the two lands was not sufficiently detailed to command belief.

The *Endeavour* anchored offshore on nearing "New Holland," and some of the company landed in a bay where Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander found so many new species of plants that they called it Botany Bay, a name associated later with the penal settlement to which England sent convicts. The bay is bounded by white rocks and low scrub-covered hills, and is of such extent it could accommodate a whole fleet. It is a dull place, and there are not many rare plants there now. But at that time everyone on board found it interesting. The sailors were particularly attracted by the birds, of which there were flocks of cockatoos, lorikeets and parrots, all gaudily coloured, as well as the more sober crows and waterfowl.

At this first landing only a few Bushmen were seen, and they ran away so fast no details could be noted.

Then the *Endeavour* sailed northward, and soon came across the entrance to another huge bay, which Cook called Port Jackson. He did not penetrate right into it, for it is thirteen miles in a direct line from the open sea inland, and the water surface covers twenty-two square miles. This was destined to be Sydney Harbour, the finest harbour in the world, from which set forth, less than 150 years later, that great force of 420,000 men, one-tenth of the total population of Australia, to fight as Britons and for Britain in France and the near East. In 1788, when Governor Phillip took possession of the harbour, he wrote: "I do not doubt this country will prove the most valuable acquisition Great Britain ever made."

From thence the *Endeavour* continued her way, and made one of the most famous voyages in history, for she coasted along by the Great Barrier Reef, then all uncharted, which runs for 1,200 miles parallel to the coast.

Captain Cook called the mainland New South Wales, and gave names to every bay and headland he passed, most of these names having reference to local appearances. The Bushmen were short of stature, thin, with bushy hair and beards, not woolly like negroes. Some of them drove a piece of wood through the septum between the nostrils, a painful and unpleasant habit. This, with their bushy hair, made them look fierce, but they were not really fierce, being rather timid than otherwise. They were totally naked, and their dwellings were of the meanest kind, mere shelters of sticks and leaves, and very small. They lived to a great extent on fish and shellfish, and had as their chief weapons throwing-sticks and spears, which were some-

times barbed with the deadly sting taken from the great sting-ray fish.

When the sailors caught some turtle out on the reef some three miles from shore, the natives were greatly excited. They went out to the *Endeavour* in their canoes, and going on deck made signs they wanted one to be given to them. When they were refused, they tried to take it by force, and had to be driven off. It was no use attempting to explain to them, for their language was quite unlike anything Tupia could interpret.

In the meantime the crew of the *Endeavour* lived well. It is true there was little to be got from the land, where gum-trees seemed the chief arboreal growth, and mangrove swamps barred every inlet; but the men shot bustard, and quails, had abundance of fresh turtle, and caught the gigantic flat-fish called sting-rays, one of which weighed 336 pounds. Mr. Banks had with him a greyhound which had so far been put to very little use; now, when the sailors went inland, and caught sight of strange animals which leaped along in the grass, the greyhound was set after them, but they easily outdistanced him, for they were kangaroos, the first ever seen by Europeans.

The ship sailed 2,000 miles north in more or less a straight line, and it is scarcely wonderful that at last she landed on a reef. Unfortunately this happened at high tide one night, and the difficulty of getting her off again was much greater than if the water had been low. It was a clear still night, and the pumps were set to work, as it was obvious the bottom was badly damaged. The false keel had been ripped off, and the planking broken in. They lightened the ship

of everything they could spare; hoop-staves, iron and stone ballast, empty casks, and even guns had to be thrown overboard, as there was no island on which to place the gear so as to recover it afterwards. It was only on the second night, when they had undergone a day of anxious and unceasing work, that a higher tide came in, and floated them off. Then the terrible danger of the leaky hull, smashed by the rocks, had to be dealt with, and they did not know how to get to the shore without sinking. At last, by using an expedient suggested by the midshipman Monkhouse, they managed this in safety.

He had seen the method he suggested made use of in one of his previous ships. The idea was to put a spare sail, on which oakum and wool had been roughly stitched down in bunches, over the bows, so that as the ship progressed through the water it was drawn tightly over the bottom by the motion, and the holes were plugged to some extent by the lumps of wool or oakum. This enabled them to work their way slowly toward the shore, but every minute was filled with anxiety, until at length they beached the ship and laid her over to examine the damage. It was discovered that the planks of the hull had been simply ripped away, the false keel had gone altogether, and had it not been that a large fragment of rock had broken off and stopped in the hole it made, even their frail emergency defence would not have availed to save them all from going to the bottom.

They called the place they landed at Cape Tribulation, and there they stayed for some time, while the carpenters repaired the damage. This gave them the chance of seeing more kangaroos, one of which they

shot. This interested them exceedingly, and Mr. Banks made copious notes on its form and dimensions. There were enormous bats, too, one of which startled a sailor so much, that he came back from a short expedition inland to say he had seen a creature "as large as a one-gallon keg, with horns and wings, and yet he crept so slowly that if I had not been afeard I might have caught him."

Unfortunately, some of the crew developed symptoms of scurvy, in spite of the Captain's assiduous search for anything that would serve as a vegetable.

When they got the ship refloated they caught turtles on the reef, and it was here that the native black men proved so obstinate over them. When they were finally denied and ejected from the ship they paddled ashore, and snatching up brands from the camp-fire, set ablaze the dry grass all around the drying clothes of the men and the tent which had been set up. One of the sick men, as it happened, was in the tent, and it was only by decisive and immediate measures that the fire was put out before it reached him. Then the Bushmen, full of spite, dashed farther on along the beach to where a pile of fishing nets had been left, and were in the act of setting fire to them when they were driven off by small-shot.

The difficulty with the ship was now to get her outside the Barrier Reef, but an opening was found by the pinnace, and on August 13, 1770, the *Endeavour* stood away from the land. They worked their way with continued difficulty northward until they reached the Strait between Australia and New Guinea, called Torres Strait, as Cook insisted on his predecessor's full right to its discovery. In the meantime he landed

MOUNT COOK, NEW ZEALAND. *Page* 18.

at a point on the north coast of Australia and took possession of the land formally in the name of King George III.

British New Guinea, now called Papua, has, since the Great War, been under the control of Australia. From here the *Endeavour* passed on to Batavia, where the Dutch had a settlement. It was necessary to stay some time so as to get the ship thoroughly repaired and revictualled. The stay was disastrous; low fever broke out among the ship's company and worked havoc. At one time the sick on board amounted to forty-seven, including the surgeon, whose services were thus not available. He was buried here, with Tupia, and the native boy who had come with him as attendant. In all seven men died before the Captain managed to get away.

Both Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander had been among the victims of the fever, but were well enough to continue the voyage. Though the cabins and decks were washed with vinegar to prevent infection, nevertheless many more deaths occurred before they reached the Cape. They lost Mr. Green the astronomer, the other artist, Mr. Parkinson, as well as the carpenter and his mate the boatswain, Mr. Monkhouse the midshipman, and another middy, the sailmaker and his assistant, the ship's cook, the corporal of marines, two of the carpenter's crew, and many seamen. Almost every night a dead body had to be committed to the sea.

They reached the Cape on March 15, and as soon as possible the Captain got his ship on the homeward way. On the way back they lost two more lives; thus some thirty-three in all never came home again, a third of the whole number of those who had started.

It was the more unfortunate, because up to then the Captain's care had saved the lives of his men, and had made the ship a very Paradise compared with many of that day. The *Endeavour* anchored in the Downs on May 12, 1771.

By this time Captain Cook was recognised as an explorer of the first rank. He was received with acclamation whenever he showed himself in public. Even the King summoned him to his presence, and had an hour's conversation with him.

In the midst of all this, Cook remained the same modest, straightforward sailor he had always been. His modesty is very much in evidence in a letter he wrote to his old employers, Messrs. Walker of Whitby. "I," he says, "have made no very great discoveries." He was firmly determined that all the credit for finding the strait north of Australia should be given to his predecessor, Torres.

Cook was so modest that he did not think his own journal fit to publish as it was, and the Admiralty, accustomed to the long-winded periods of official jargon, agreed with him; so it was handed to a man named Hawkesworth to polish up. The result was unfortunate. Hawkesworth was not content to write his own verbose comments and reflections among Cook's simple statements of fact, but he combined a bit of Dr. Solander's work, and a bit of Mr. Banks's, and mixed all up so that only a magician could tell which was which.

Not until a hundred years later was Cook's plain straightforward narrative of this first voyage given to the world.

Mr. Banks published a very readable book, dwell-

ing, as might be expected, on the natural history and anthropology of the lands visited. He was President of the Royal Society from 1778-1820, and was created a Baronet and Privy Councillor. His natural history collections and library are in the British Museum.

CHAPTER V

ICY REGIONS

Captain Cook was not long left to enjoy his home in peace. He had returned in May, 1771, and by November of the same year he had been appointed to the command of the *Resolution*, which, with her smaller consort the *Adventure*, was chosen by him from the stout Whitby-built ships, which he loved.

He was now Captain-Commander in rank, and the equipment and provisioning of these ships was left to him, for he knew better than anyone what would be required in order to undertake further exploration in the Antarctic regions to discover if there really were a great southern continent lying under eternal snow.

The *Resolution* was 462 tons, and carried 112 officers and men; the *Adventure*, commanded by Tobias Furneaux, was 336 tons, and carried 81 men. This time Captain Cook made sure that every conceivable antidote to scurvy or sickness was put aboard. There was sauer-kraut again, and salted cabbage, marmalade made of carrots, malt, and juice of wort and beer, for brewing as required. In this voyage, as in the first, the claims of science were fully considered. A German

scientist named Forster, and his son, replaced Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander; there was an artist named Mr. Hodges, to make drawings; there was an astronomer for each ship to ensure correct observations. Besides these, numbers of the former crew signed on again, including two junior lieutenants, Clerke and Pickersgill. In spite of all the haste, however, matters took much longer to arrange than one could have thought possible, and it was not until June, 1772, or a year after his arrival, that Cook left Sheerness in the *Resolution* to join the *Adventure* at Plymouth. The Earl of Sandwich, who, as Lord of the Admiralty, had taken the keenest interest in the expedition, and Sir Hugh Palliser, Comptroller of the Navy, came down to see the start. On July 13, 1772, the ships finally sailed, making first for Madeira as before.

On the way to the Cape a man fell overboard from each vessel, which might have been taken as a bad omen by the superstitious seamen. However, on October 30 they anchored in Table Bay without further mishap. The ships were here caulked and painted, and one of the Lieutenants, being in bad health, was left behind. Then they started for their icy destination.

This voyage lasted over three years, and one time the *Resolution* was at sea 122 days on end, and another time 117 days, voyaging over 11,000 miles without ever seeing land. These are prodigious figures, especially when the cramped accommodation and lack of durable foodstuffs are considered.

On this voyage Cook penetrated within the Antarctic circle several times, and got nearer to the South Pole than any man had then been. He went along the

OBTAINING ICE FOR FRESH WATER SUPPLY

coasts of New Caledonia and New Georgia, which he christened. As might be expected, he and his men were subjected to hardships almost intolerable to bear.

Storms of rain, hail, snow and sleet blinded them, and lasted for days; after passing 50° of latitude, they began to see icebergs, some 100 feet high, with the waves breaking over them. The icy spray, the dense fogs, and the sharp angles of these dangerous neighbours numbed and terrified the men. Their captain, ever mindful of their comfort, noticing that the extra coats served out to them were too short in the sleeves, had them lengthened with baize.

They caught some albatrosses with hook and line after they had left the Cape and gone southward, and these they cooked and ate, but as they got still farther south into the region of perpetual ice, they found penguins instead of albatrosses. At first the icebergs they met were detached, but presently they ran into "the main field of ice," and trying every opening that presented itself, found themselves blocked everywhere. The sleet and snow froze on the rigging and yard-arms, and the whole ship was hung with icicles; icicles even formed on the ends of the men's noses!

Whales were seen playing in the bays formed by the ice contours, and numerous petrels appeared. They coasted along eastward, always striving to get still farther south, for two months or more. In February the *Resolution* lost sight of the *Adventure* in a fog, and though guns were fired, and they stayed cruising about for three days, they could not find her.

At length, in March, Captain Cook bore away northwards to New Zealand. Of course, directly

the latitude lessened the temperature rose, and by March 25, when they were in sight of the southern end of New Zealand, it was quite warm though rainy. They anchored in Dusky Bay on the south-west by an island, now called Resolution Island, after the ship. Not a single member of the crew was suffering from scurvy, a high testimony to the value of their Captain's care, though, oddly enough, the sheep and goats which had survived were victims, and could hardly eat grass as their teeth were all loose. Directly the ship anchored a seal was shot for fresh meat, and some of the men were sent ashore to collect celery or any sort of greenstuff for eating. The sailors also caught abundance of fish and various water birds, so that after their long, cold, desolate voyage, this place seemed to them like Paradise.

This end of the island was little inhabited, and only some eight or ten natives were seen. Captain Cook took some trouble to make friends with them, and gave them presents, but they seemed indifferent, being neither hostile nor interested. The country hereabouts is thickly wooded; Cook describes the stupendous trees, ten feet in girth and a hundred feet high, according to his reckoning.

However, it rained continuously, being the rainy season, and the sand-flies were worse than the mosquitoes; they are too small to be kept out by any sort of net, and cause an intolerable itching. While here Captain Cook brewed and made spruce beer, from the leaves of the spruce and another plant he calls the tea-plant.

On their way north to Queen Charlotte's Sound, they experienced terrible weather and were awed by

the spectacle of six waterspouts seen all at once, the water of the sea being drawn up in a sort of revolving pillar to meet the downfall from the clouds. Fortunately none of these were precipitated on the ship.

When the *Resolution* reached Queen Charlotte's Sound about the middle of May, it was found to their great relief that the *Adventure* was there before them. The little ship, after she had lost her larger consort, had gone to Van Diemen's Land, as Tasmania was then called, and having reached it, had landed there, and overhauled the rigging, and taken in water, before making way across to New Zealand to meet her larger consort.

Captain Cook determined now to go north and explore further among the Pacific islands, and so to fill in usefully the time which must elapse before the summer, in this, the Southern, Hemisphere, at which season only could he hope to discover anything within the Antarctic Circle. The people on the *Adventure* were sick, and the cook died before they had been long at sea. Captain Cook remarks:

" Many of my people, officers as well as seamen, at first disliked celery, scurvy grass, etc., being boiled in the peas and wheat, and some refused to eat it. But as this had no effect on my conduct, this obstinate sort of prejudice little by little wore off; they began to like it as well as the others, and now I believe there was hardly a man in the ship that did not attribute our being so free from the scurvy to the beer and vegetables we made use of at New Zealand."

Owing to the sickly state of the *Adventure's* crew, they made a straight line for Tahiti, passing several

low unnamed islands on the way, and arrived on August 15, 1773.

Unfortunately, on their arrival they almost drifted on a reef off the island, and after a very perilous time just succeeded in warping the *Resolution* off. Warping is an operation performed by means of carrying out anchors in a boat, and after having fixed them, hauling the ship up to them. All the time this was being done they were surrounded by hundreds of canoes, and many of the natives recognised them.

When they got the ships round, and landed safely in a bay next day, these people brought loads of bananas, coconuts, yams and other roots, clamouring for nails and beads in exchange

On enquiry it seemed that there had been a great battle since the last visit, between chiefs on two sections of the island, and most of the old chiefs had been killed or died; however, there were some who remembered Captain Cook perfectly, and the Europeans were received in a friendly way. The sick sailors were brought on shore, and given plenty of fruit and natural produce, and began to recover. Tootaha, who had exchanged names with Cook as a sign of friendship, was dead, but his nephew, Otoo, who now ruled, was quite as friendly as he had been. He supplied provision of hogs, etc., and entertained the ship's companies with an exhibition of singing and dancing.

CHAPTER VI

AMONG THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS (SECOND VOYAGE)

In September, the sick men being recovered, the ships sailed for Huaheine, where they were warmly received by the Chief, Oree. The old man, who had conceived a true friendship for Cook, wept with emotion on again seeing him, and embraced him. In his turn the Captain says he gave him for a present, "the most valuable articles that I had, for I regarded this man as a father."

They received here no less than three hundred hogs, besides any quantity of fowls and fruit. In fact, when they left the island, they must have looked like carnival ships, for the decks were covered with pigs, and their rigging hung all over with bunches of bananas, yams and coconuts.

From Huaheine, Captain Furneaux took with him a young man named Omai, who was very anxious to go to England. The letter O is a prefix only in the language of the islands, but the names are so usually written as if it were a part of the name, that this practice must be followed. Omai was really a native of Ulietea, another island of the group, but he happened to be staying on Huaheine when the British ships arrived. The experiment of taking him turned out better than might have been expected. He behaved very well in England, was looked after by Mr. Banks and the Earl of Sandwich, and eventually returned to the islands on the third voyage of discovery.

On leaving Huaheine the ships visited Ulietea (now Raiatea), where the Captain dined with another Chief called Oreo. He gives a detailed account of this ceremony:

"When we came to the chief's house we found the cloth laid, that is, green leaves were strewed thick on the floor. Round them we seated ourselves. Presently one of the [roasted] pigs came over my head souse upon the leaves, and, immediately after, the other, both so hot as hardly to be touched. The table was garnished round with hot bread-fruit and plantains, and a quantity of cocoanuts brought for drink. Each man being ready with his knife in his hand, we turned to without ceremony, and it must be owned in favour of their cookery that victuals were never cleaner or better dressed. For though the pigs were served up whole, and the one weighed between 50 and 60 lbs., and the other about half as much, yet all the parts were equally done and ate much sweeter than if dressed by any of our methods."

After this the ships sailed about a great deal, finally visiting the islands called Amsterdam and Middleburg by the Dutchman, Tasman, though they have now reverted to their original names of Tongataboo and Eooa. Tasman had not explored them, but merely noted them in passing. They belong to the group of the Tonga or Friendly Islands, and are 20° west of the Society group.

Leaving the islands, Cook headed for New Zealand once more, and before making it, lost sight of the *Adventure*. He cruised about, but not seeing her went to Queen Charlotte's Sound. As she did not arrive there, he felt he could lose no more time, but went south again. Indeed, they had seen her for the last time that voyage.

Cook was nothing if not thorough. He had been commissioned to ascertain if there was an Antarctic continent, and though it was far pleasanter cruising about among the Pacific islands, he never lost sight of his main object. This time he continued south until they struck an immense field of ice, apparently an unbroken rampart, the same rampart which has puzzled many an Antarctic explorer since. They coasted along it for days, seeking any possible break or inlet, but without success.

Cook says at this time:

"It was indeed my opinion that this ice extended quite to the Pole, or perhaps joined some land to which it had been fixed from the earliest time . . . as we drew near this ice some penguins were heard but none seen, and but few other birds or any other thing that could induce us to think any land was near. . . ."

Being thus completely baulked for the time being, he turned north again, in the middle of December, making for Easter Island. It was well he did so, for he, who had never spared himself, was now taken so seriously ill as to cause great alarm to his company. It was early in 1774 before he was himself again, and many months had elapsed since the fruitful islands of the Pacific had been left behind.

Easter Island was already known and charted on the world maps; here are those amazing stone statues of colossal size, which have since been so often described and so much discussed. Their origin is still a mystery.

The *Resolution* this time went north of the Society Islands, and struck into the midst of the group called the Marquesas, some of which had been discovered by Mendana as early as 1595.

The natives came out in their canoes very freely, and brought abundance of bread-fruit and bananas, but only one pig. They were as thievish a set as the rest, and when one of them succeeded in pulling out an iron stanchion and was making off with it, the Captain gave orders to fire over their heads; unfortunately the shot was not skilfully directed, and a native in the canoe was shot. This frightened the rest, and barter became difficult, made more so later by the fact that one of the sailors foolishly gave a quantity of red feathers he had got at Tongataboo in exchange for a pig. These feathers were prized above everything, and after that no one would part with a pig for less.

Seeing that he could get very little of what he wanted here, and having a faint hope that he might fall in with the *Adventure* at Tahiti, the Captain went back, south-west, to that group. But there was no sign of the *Adventure*.

The Tahitiens were as friendly as ever, and plentiful supplies were forthcoming. Otoo was seen, and Oree was visited on Huaheine. Cook says: "At parting (from Oree) I told him we should see each other no more, at which he wept, and said: 'Let your sons come; we will treat them well.' Oree is a good man in every sense of the word." However, his sad foreboding was not altogether fulfilled, for he did see Oree once again, when, a dethroned man, he was living on Ulietea.

On leaving, they sailed west, touched at one or two other islands, and finally at Namuka, in the Friendly Island group, now first so called by the Captain. The usual incidents followed, and their wants were well supplied. This is close to Tongataboo, where he had been before. On one of the small islands in the vicinity

MARQUESAS ISLANDERS BARTERING FRUIT

a volcano was in eruption, and the dust and ashes bothered the ship's company much. They then passed a coral island in the making, a tiny islet being completely surrounded by a reef just emerging from the water. Turtles were seen here.

Continuing westward, they struck into the New Hebrides, now administered jointly by Great Britain and France. These islands had been visited by the Frenchman Bougainville in 1768, but he called them the Great Cycades, and Cook's name of the New Hebrides has outlasted that. Cook found several not before discovered, and charted them all, spending much time over the work, which, as was usual with him, he did thoroughly.

These islands lie due east of the Great Barrier Reef, which bounds the eastern shore of Australia in its northern half. In the New Hebrides the people were "far less civilised than those more to the east; and composed of three different nations, one of which was a small race with apish faces, who used poisoned arrows—they go almost naked and are of a very dark colour, and some of them have woolly hair."

An unpleasant incident occurred at Erromango, where the Captain landed with two boats in search of water. The natives invited a landing, directing the boats round a rocky point where they could run on a sandy beach. In return for their courtesy the Captain loaded them with presents, yet, though they received these, they kept their arms, clubs, spears, darts, bows and arrows ready to their hands.

The Chief presently made signs to him to haul the boats on shore, and as, at the same time, he made some remarks to his own people, who drew nearer in, the

Captain, on his guard, instead of complying, stepped back into his boat. The natives immediately seized the bows, and snatched two oars from the hands of the men. Captain Cook pointed his musket at them, but though they let go for one moment, the next they began a determined attack with a shower of stones, darts and arrows. It was absolutely necessary to fire at them, and this drove them off, for four fell, two of whom were seen afterwards to crawl off into the bushes. The British escaped with only one man wounded in the cheek. On leaving the unfriendly neighbourhood the Captain christened the adjacent peak "Traitor's Head."

But when New Caledonia was reached quite a different kind of people were met with; they were friendly and well disposed, and welcomed the ships.

They had never seen goats, hogs, dogs or cats, and were very curious as to the ship and her appliances; they visited her and touched and stared at everything. The island is now used as a French penal settlement.

Though he had explored the whole archipelago, Cook found it necessary to leave New Caledonia, as he christened it, without complete charting. He wanted to make New Zealand once more before setting out again for the Antarctic Circle. It was now October, 1774.

When they reached Queen Charlotte Sound once more they found the natives disposed to be a little aloof. They hung off and would not come forward at first, and when they did babbled rather incoherently about killing and being frightened. Meantime the ship was thoroughly cleaned, and the sails repaired.

Vegetables and water were stocked, and once more the persevering Captain put down livestock.

"On the 8th November we put two pigs, a boar and a sow, on shore, in the cover next beyond Cannibal Cove; so that it is hardly possible that all the methods I have taken to stock this country with these animals should fail."

They saw nothing of the *Adventure*, and were quite ignorant of the awful scene which had taken place in one of the bays near when the *Adventure* was here in December, 1773, a few days after they themselves had left.

If the men of the *Resolution* had known they were consorting with the murderers, perhaps the cannibals who had devoured some of their comrades, they would hardly have been so friendly with these people. They did not learn the story until long after, when they reached the Cape of Good Hope.

When the *Adventure* was driven off her course on the east of New Zealand the year before, she had fallen in with terrible storms and contrary winds. She was beaten about and held up so long that by the time she arrived at Queen Charlotte's Sound the *Resolution* had left six days before. She anchored there, however, and Captain Furneaux discovered a letter left for him in a tree stump by Captain Cook, so he hastened to repair and do up the ship, and get to sea again to catch him up if possible.

Two midshipmen with a boat's crew, ten in all, were sent into a neighbouring bay to collect vegetables. When the boat did not come back Captain Furneaux got uneasy, and sent another boat with armed marines in it to look after them. They came into a bay where

there were several canoes drawn up, and near them were some woven baskets with flesh in them. As they examined these, crowds of natives to the number of fifteen hundred or so appeared out of the woods on the heights above. The seamen were filled with a horrible suspicion of what the flesh might be, and naturally burning with fury fired on them repeatedly, without, however, doing much damage, as many of the muskets would not go off. Shortly after they found, strewed along the beach, the heads, hearts, lungs and other internal organs of their lost comrades. Stupefied with horror, they gazed at the signs of butchery until they saw the natives coming down on them. They had then no choice but to get back to their boats, being utterly outnumbered, and all they could do by way of revenge was to destroy the canoes before returning to the ship, carrying with them evidence of the awful catastrophe.

All this Captain Cook learned much later when he rejoined the *Adventure* at the Cape after completing his work.

On leaving New Zealand for the last time, Cook steered for Cape Horn, resolving to examine the Antarctic Circle farther along in that direction than he had yet done. He says:

"I have now done with the Southern Pacific Ocean and flatter myself that no one will think I have left it unexplored, or that more could have been done in one voyage toward obtaining the end than has been done in this."

Christmas was passed near Cape Horn, and a very good time the men had of it. In spite of the terrible

cold and the forlornness of the barren land of Tierra del Fuego, they had abundance of the two prime needs of life, food and water. They landed and shot a quantity of geese, ducks, sea-pies and shags; they got seals, which provided them with oil for their lamps as well as fresh flesh, and everyone, knowing that the time for going home was now not far off, was very cheerful.

The miserable natives came down to see them.

"They are a little, ugly, half-starved, beardless race. I saw not a tall person amongst them. They were almost naked. Their clothing was a seal-skin. Some had two or three sewed together, so as to make a cloak which reached to the knees . . . the stench they carried about with them was enough to spoil the appetite of any European. . . . They are doomed to live in one of the most inhospitable climates in the world without having sagacity enough to provide themselves with such conveniences as may render life in some measure more comfortable."

After this interlude, the exploration of the southern regions recommenced.

Cook comments on some of his difficulties:

"Prudence would not permit me to venture near a coast subject to thick fogs, on which there was no anchorage, where every port was blocked or filled with ice and the whole country covered fathoms deep with everlasting snow.

"Thick snows, snow-storms, intense cold, and every other thing that can render navigation dangerous, must be encountered; and these difficulties are greatly heightened by the inexpressibly horrid aspect of the country."

On the 19th of January, 1775, he made South Georgia (so christened by him), and describes it as a ridge of mountains, whose lofty and icy summits were elevated far above the clouds.

South Georgia was destined to become the centre of a huge whaling industry, and to be the goal of one of the most memorable exploits in the whole history of Antarctic exploration. Who that has ever heard it can forget that noble story, of Sir Ernest Shackleton and his men, in our own times ?

Sir Ernest Shackleton, in his third voyage to seek the South Pole, in the ship *Endurance*, proved himself a worthy successor of Captain Cook. After working through 3,000 miles of loose pack-ice, and discovering and charting 200 miles of coast-line in the Antarctic Continent, the ship was frozen in, and being locked in ice, was carried hither and thither during the autumn and winter, and was finally crushed.

The crew, with three boats, took refuge on an ice-floe, and lived in tents for five months, while the floe carried them over some 800 miles. Finally, the party in their boats got to Elephant Island, and there laid low by sickness, were in a desperate case.

Captain Shackleton, with five men in a 22-foot boat, crossed 850 miles of icy sea to South Georgia to fetch them help. He succeeded in getting there after agonising hardships, and received aid from the Norwegian whaling station, so that his twenty-two men left on Elephant Island were eventually recovered in the Norwegian whaler *Southern Sky*.

One hundred and forty years earlier Captain Cook, in his Whitby-built wooden ship, had named that island.

After this there was no option but for the *Resolution* to return home.

" Our sails and rigging were now so much worn that something was giving way every hour, and we had nothing left

either to repair or replace them. Our provisions were in a state of decay, and consequently afforded little nourishment, and we had been a long time without refreshments . . . all these considerations induced me to steer for the Cape of Good Hope."

They reached the Cape, anchoring in Table Bay on Tuesday, February 21, 1775, having left there on November 22, 1772. They had gained a day by circumnavigating the world, and thought it was the 22nd of February when they landed.

They were met with every possible courtesy and kindness, and the Captain here received a letter left for him by Captain Furneaux, who had sailed for home, April 16, 1773.

Between leaving the Cape and returning to it again the men in the *Resolution* had sailed 20,000 leagues, or equal to three times round the earth at the Equator.

They left the Cape on April 27, and calling in at St. Helena, Ascension Island, and the Azores on the way home, anchored at Spithead, on June 29, 1775, three years and eighteen days after starting. In all this amazing voyage only four men had been lost: of these two had been drowned, one died from an accident, and only one from sickness.

CHAPTER VII

THE ADMIRALTY DEMANDS

Captain Cook was received with all honour and appreciation, but according to our standards very little after all was done for him. He was given the rank of Post-Captain, and made, in addition, Captain of Greenwich Hospital, a post carrying a salary, with quarters at the Hospital, which would be his for life. A little later, after two of his papers had been read at the Royal Society, he was elected an F.R.S., and given the Copley gold medal. This certainly was a high honour. This self-taught man, who had had less schooling even than most poor boys of that time, had so educated himself that he was elected a Fellow of the most learned society in Great Britain !

He was forty-eight years of age, and he had been at sea thirty-four years. His father was eighty-two, and still living, though he had moved to Redcar to be with his married daughter, Mrs. Fleck. Captain Cook's own two boys were growing up: the elder, James, was now thirteen, and Nathaniel a year younger; they were both old enough to understand and admire what their distinguished father had done. Another boy, Hugh, was born in the year 1776, just after his father sailed again.

It was supposed that at the Captain's age and after all he had gone through, he would be content to stay at home and rest on his laurels, but the spirit of adventure was in his blood, and after he had bestowed some time on straightening up his affairs, and seeing to the

ATTACKED BY NATIVES AT ERROMANGO. *Page 31*

publication of the journals and papers, which had been written concerning this voyage, he was restless again.

Before the ship reached the Cape all those who could write had been requested to hand over their journals and notes to the Captain to be sealed up until the Admiralty had seen them.

The two Forsters, the Germans who had accompanied the expedition as naturalists, had both kept journals. These men had given a good deal of trouble during the voyage; they were full of conceit and very obstinate.

When the *Resolution* reached the home port the elder Forster was eager to bring out his account of the voyage at once, and so, by forestalling his superior officer, to reap the first harvest of profit. Naturally the Admiralty prevented this, and the Forsters were much aggrieved, but with the doggedness of their race, got their own way, by publishing a book in the name of the younger man, who had accompanied his father, and not being a paid official, was consequently not under Admiralty orders.

His book was not at all bad, and had it been withheld in decency until the man who had commanded the expedition had had his full share of public attention, it would have been welcomed. As it was, it came out before Cook's own simple account, and aroused a good deal of animosity among those who took up the Captain's cause; nevertheless there was a great sale for both books.

The Admiralty, well satisfied with what had been done on this voyage, were now anxious to continue the excellent work of exploring the earth, by discovering a way through from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean

by the Behring Strait—in fact, that "North-west" passage which had so long and disastrously been sought in earlier centuries. They considered that if an expedition started from the Pacific Ocean instead of the Atlantic, and sailed east instead of trying to go west through the Arctic Seas, there might be more chance of success. They hesitated to ask the one outstanding man who had just completed such a marvellous voyage to command such an expedition, but they gave him a chance to volunteer, and Cook, who was dining with the Earl of Sandwich when the question was discussed, eagerly seized the chance, and offered to take command. Accordingly he was commissioned to find two suitable ships and select his men. The good old *Resolution*, now completely refitted, was his first choice, and for her consort he chose the *Discovery* (so named by him), another Whitby-built ship. He offered the captaincy of the latter to one of his own Lieutenants, Clerke. He had no difficulty in manning the ships; many of his men were ready to go with him again to the ends of the earth.

Mr. Anderson, the surgeon, was deputed to look after the scientific department. The Captain himself, with Mr. King, his second Lieutenant, undertook to do all the astronomical observations necessary. A Mr. Webber was taken as artist on the *Discovery*, and Mr. Hayley, the second astronomer, also sailed in her.

Omai the Tahitien was to be carried home on the *Resolution*. He was sorry to leave England, where he had been so petted and spoiled, but he was much excited at the prospect of going back to his native islands, all the same. He left England loaded with presents, including a portable organ, a coat of mail,

a suit of armour, an electrical machine, and a quantity of rich clothes and ornaments.

On July 12, 1776, the *Resolution* set sail from Plymouth Sound in sight of a great crowd, to be followed by the *Discovery* a little later, as she was not quite ready.

It is interesting to read the Admiralty instructions to the commander of this notable expedition.

The chief object was, of course, to discover the "North-west" passage from the east.

"At whatever places you may touch in the course of your voyage, where accurate observations have not already been made, you are very carefully to observe the true situation of such places, both in latitude and longitude; the variation of the needle; bearings of headlands; height, direction and course of the tides and currents; depths and soundings of the sea; shoals, rocks, etc.; and also to survey, make charts, and take views of such bays, harbours, and different parts of the coast, and to make such notes thereon as may be useful either to navigation or commerce. You are also carefully to observe the nature of the soil, and the produce thereof; the animals and fowls that inhabit or frequent it; the fishes that are to be found in the rivers on the coast; and in what plenty; and in the case that there are any peculiar to such places, to describe them as minutely and to make as accurate drawings of them as you can; and if you find any metals, minerals, or valuable stones, or any extraneous fossils, you are to bring home specimens of each; as also of the seeds of such trees, shrubs, plants, fruits and grains peculiar to those places as you may be able to collect, and to transmit them to our secretary. You are likewise to examine the genius, temper and disposition, and number of the natives and inhabitants, where you find any; and to endeavour by all proper means to cultivate a friendship with them . . . inviting them to traffic and showing them every kind of civility and regard."

CHAPTER VIII

BEGINNING OF THE THIRD VOYAGE

This third and last voyage of Captain Cook's was as splendid in achievement as anything he had yet done. It might be supposed that having charted so many leagues of ocean, settled the position of a myriad islands, and cruised about in icy regions so far unvisited by man, he had nothing left to discover. But this time he turned his attention to the Northern Hemisphere, surveyed the western coasts of North America, and opened up tracts of Arctic scenery that were all new to the old civilised world.

He began by stopping at some small islands discovered by Captain Crozet and Marion du Fresne in 1772.

From here the ships proceeded to Tasmania, and anchored in Adventure Bay, where there was plenty of grass for the livestock, and many tall straight gum-trees, that would serve well for masts. Some of the natives, of the same degraded class seen on the previous voyage, came down to see the visitors without fear, but they were very indifferent, and seemed incapable of expressing or even feeling any emotion.

Captain Cook left here a sow and boar, taking them well away into the woods so that the people should not kill them before they had time to breed, but his efforts were probably unsuccessful, as Tasmania boasts two fierce animals, which are to be found nowhere else—the Tasmanian tiger, now very rare, which is a sort of marsupial wolf, and the Tasmanian Devil, known to

everyone as a lithe panther-like creature, who will go on fighting until torn limb from limb. These probably made short work of the dazed pigs, who had been so long confined in the ship.

After leaving Adventure Bay the ships encountered more storms, having suffered from them already in crossing the Indian Ocean, but on February 12, 1777, they anchored again in Queen Charlotte's Sound, New Zealand. The natives there, being conscious of their guilt in murdering the young midshipmen and the boat's crew of the *Adventure*, kept away at first, especially because they saw that Omai the Tahitien, who had been on board the *Adventure* when the tragedy happened, was now with Captain Cook, and they thought that the expedition had come to punish them. But when the sailors landed and made friendly gestures, they gradually came forward and began to barter. To Captain Cook they tried to exculpate themselves, and unanimously pointed out one of the lesser Chiefs, Kahoora, as the leader and instigator of the attack, and repeatedly asked Captain Cook to kill him as they did not like him and he was a " bad man." But when Cook took no notice of their suggestions, Kahoora began to be cheeky, and came on board the ships more than once, though Omai threatened to kill him. Eventually he even sat for a portrait to Mr. Webber, the artist.

The *Resolution* and *Discovery* were loaded with wood and water and vegetables, and got away as soon as they could from the heart-sickening memories of the bay. They took with them two Maori youths, one a stripling and the other only about ten years old, who were most anxious to go with them. After a natural fit of home-

sickness, these two settled down, and became very happy.

On February 25 they sailed through Cook's Strait, past the splendid bay on which Wellington now stands, and made for the Pacific islands. About a month later they struck a new island called Mangea, where the Chief, who had never seen a goat before, asked what kind of bird it was! Finding nothing they desired here in the way of a good anchorage, wood or water, the ships went on to Wateeo, but neither could they satisfy their needs there, so after taking in some coconuts and bananas they left again.

Having failed to get food for his remaining live-stock, or any water, or even to find good anchorage, Captain Cook cruised about some time, touching at Palmerston Island. All these islands belong to the group named the Cook Islands, after the illustrious explorer, and are included in the territory of New Zealand. After this the ships sailed west, to the Friendly Islands, and reached Annamooka Harbour on April 28, 1777. The *Resolution* had been here three years before, and the Dutchman, Tasman, in 1643.

Here the ship's company were able to get plenty of grass and hay for the animals, and plenty of coconuts for themselves. But the thieving was terrible, until Captain Clerke hit upon the plan of shaving the head of any depredator caught in the act, thus making him a marked man and object of ridicule. This had some effect.

The stay in the Friendly Islands altogether lasted two or three months, and much important information as to the habits and customs of the natives was gathered together, also notes on the flora of the islands.

On the way to Tahiti they stopped at Eooa (Middleburg) Island, and here Captain Cook had the gratification of being served with a dish of turnips grown from the seed he had left behind at the last visit. He found also that the pair of dogs, which he had given to the chief, had produced progeny, and as they had been supplemented by dogs imported from other islands, there were now a great many of them.

CHAPTER IX

OMAI RETURNS HOME

They reached Tahiti on July 13, 1777. It is in the group of the Society Islands now belonging to France.

Captain Cook found that Tahiti had been visited, since he was last there, by two Spanish ships, which had left a singularly fine bull and some pigs, goats and dogs.

The stay on the island was not long; after holding some intercourse with those who remembered them, and seeing the chief, Otoo, and leaving a certain number of birds for him on a neighbouring small island of Oparre, they went off again. The birds consisted of a peacock and hen, turkey-cock and hen, gander and three geese, a drake and four ducks. Besides the poultry, Captain Cook put ashore a horse and mare, three cows and some sheep.

He says of his own contribution: "I found myself lightened of a very heavy burden. The trouble and vexation that attended the bringing of this living cargo thus far is hardly to be conceived, but the satisfaction

I felt in having been so fortunate as to fulfil His Majesty's humane design, in sending such valuable animals to supply the wants of two worthy nations, sufficiently recompensed me for the many anxious hours I had passed before this subordinate object of my voyage could be carried into execution."

Before leaving Tahiti, the Captain and some of his officers were witnesses of a human sacrifice offered by the natives to obtain the favour of their gods against their enemies on Eimeo.

At Huaheine they heard that the chief Oree had retired to Ulietea, and his two sons were in command. Though Omai was a native of Ulietea, he decided to settle on Huaheine, where he was given a piece of land by the Chiefs. The carpenters of both ships set to work to build a small wooden house for him, and all hands helped to make his garden, and plant in it vines, shaddocks, pine-apples, melons and many vegetables. When all was finished, his mass of property was carried ashore: pots, kettles, dishes, plates, mugs, glasses, and heaps of other things, which were gazed upon with awe and delight by the assembled islanders.

The ships then proceeded to Ulietea, where a midshipman and a seaman deserted, but after some pressure put upon the chief called Oreo, they were discovered on a small neighbouring island, and brought back again. Cook had determined he would not leave until this was accomplished, for he could not allow "the son of a brother officer to be lost to the country." At Ulietea he saw also his old friend, the dethroned Oree.

The ships touched at Bolabola in the Friendly Isles, and then went northward, as Captain Cook says

PACIFIC ISLANDERS

they had now been seventeen months since leaving England, and were only about to begin the real object of their voyage. The men were very loath to leave the beautiful islands with their abundant natural resources, and to steer once more into regions of icebergs and hail. However, they were to have a respite in the Sandwich Islands.

To set off these disadvantages the Captain reminded them of the £20,000 reward offered by Government to the officers and men of the ship that should first discover a north-west passage.

The next island visited was called Christmas Island by Cook, as the expedition spent Christmas Day there. It is very small and was quite uninhabited, a mere atoll or coral reef around a lagoon. Here they observed an eclipse of the sun, December 30, 1777, and, besides quantities of fish, they caught about 300 turtles. Christmas Island is one of the outlying islands of Polynesia, and belongs to Great Britain. They sailed again on January 2, 1778, and were presently within the group named by the Captain the Sandwich Islands, now known as Hawaiian Islands, and in the possession of the United States. On this voyage north they did not touch at Hawaii, which is the largest of all, lying at the extreme south-eastern corner of the group, but they landed at others not far from it, and talked with the islanders, who spoke the same language as the men of Tahiti and the neighbouring islets.

What particularly attracted the Captain's notice in the dress of the Chiefs among these people were the beautiful red and yellow feather cloaks, made of small feathers so closely set together that they resembled velvet, after the manner of the feather cloaks of the

Incas in Central America. The feathers were arranged on a loose network in patterns, some all scarlet with a yellow edging, others with crescents of scarlet wonderfully fitted in. The people thought a great deal of these cloaks, which were scarce, and only used on great occasions. They would not part with one for less than a musket, which is hardly to be wondered at when it is realised that the feathers came from a bird hardly larger than a sparrow, so that thousands had to be killed and skinned for one cloak. This bird was not seen alive by any of the sailors, though they saw bundles of the skins ready for use. It was of a brilliant scarlet colour, with black tail and wings and an arched bill.

Feather helmets were also made to match the cloaks, and an Atooi man in full paraphernalia was a gorgeous object.

All the time the ships anchored here it rained incessantly, and was very wild with high waves, so that many times they could not get ashore at all. The Earl of Sandwich, after which Cook named this group, was also destined to give his name to a very different thing. He was an immoderate gamester, which was not considered as reprehensible in a Minister of the Crown at that time as it would be now. He often played all day at his club, and would not stop even to eat, but made a servant bring him a piece of meat, which he placed between two slices of bread, thus forming the "sandwich" so familiar at picnics and parties.

What with surf-riding, at which they were very skilful, dancing, and other amusements, the people on the Sandwich Islands seemed to the sailors very

lively, and they found them of a frank, cheerful disposition. There were numbers of pigs and dogs running wild, and though the islands did not seem so lovely as those left behind, they were agreeable enough.

On the 2nd of February the ships weighed anchor for the north, and started into entirely new scenes.

CHAPTER X

SEA-HORSES AND ESQUIMAUX

In 1577, more than two hundred years before this, Sir Francis Drake passed through the Straits of Magellan—he was the first Englishman to do so—coasted up by South America, passed the isthmus, and at length reached California, which he named New Albion. New Albion it was still called in Captain Cook's time, and north of it little or nothing was known.

On leaving the Hawaiian Islands, he directed his course to New Albion, and reached it on March 7, 1778. On coming within sight of land the ship's company was surprised to see snow, which lay over the rising ground inland. The ships sailed on, trying to find anchorage, and at length did so in Nootka Sound, five degrees farther north, where the mountains showed up behind a forest of pine, cypress, and such evergreen trees. Nootka Sound is midway up the west side of Vancouver Island. But it was not called Vancouver then, nor was it known to be an island, but

there was a midshipman aboard the *Resolution* whose name was Vancouver, and the island was destined to be called after him eventually. Here Cook set up a crude observatory, as he had done at many other places. The *Resolution* and *Discovery* remained for four weeks repairing and caulking. Some of the masts had to be entirely replaced, but there was abundance of excellent timber for the purpose. There were no tropical fruits to be had, but plenty of fish as a welcome change of diet. The natives were not prepossessing. Thieving, however, was as bad here, or worse, than in the Pacific Islands, for these people had knives of metal, and could cut away hanging ropes, and were adept at taking every shred of stuff they could get near. They even stole the fittings of a boat from one end while a sailor was on guard at the other.

The Captain went ashore with some of the officers, and visited them in their huts, which smelt intolerably of the rows and rows of dried and drying fish hanging in layers to the roofs.

These island people lived principally by fishing, but supplemented it by trapping; they had no knowledge of firearms.

This place was left behind on April 26, 1778, and, continuing northward, the ships came in sight of Mt. St. Elias, so named by Behring. Mt. St. Elias is over 18,000 feet high, and stands on the boundary line between Canada and Alaska. It looks even higher than it is, as it rises sheer from the sea, in a way that is very unusual. The fellow mountain near, over 15,000 feet, was called Mt. Cook, and that behind, over 19,000 feet, Mt. Logan, but the name of Mt. Cook in the most modern maps is changed to Mt. Hubbard.

SHOOTING WALRUS, OR SEA-HORSES, FOR FOOD. *Page* 61.

The ships had terrible difficulties with gales and fogs along this dangerous coast, but at last anchored in Prince William's Sound.

The people here wore ornaments through their noses, and preferred their fish raw. Their houses were mounds built over scraped-out pits, to afford warmth and security in the terrible blast of the frozen gales. These people are known as Aleuts, but the races along this coast are innumerable.

Cook Inlet is of enormous size, reaching inland about one hundred and fifty miles, and being about fifty miles broad at the mouth. It is small wonder that the expedition thought they had reached a point where they could get through into the northern seas. But they found only a huge river pouring down into it at the innermost end. Cook does not give it a name, so on his behalf Lord Sandwich afterwards christened it Cook River. It is remarkable how seldom the explorer left his own name behind him in all the innumerable new lands he discovered and surveyed; he preferred to christen places after those who had sent out the expedition, after his officers, or after some incident which had happened there. Anything rather than to glorify himself.

Wonderful as his previous journeys had been, this Arctic voyage—the last as it proved to be—was the most wonderful of all, for here he had to fight difficulties every league of the way. The constant fogs blinded him, and the constant storms threatened disaster to the two small wooden ships which had already been at sea two years. But added to this were the dangers of an unknown and uncharted coast, broken up by inlets, large and small, festooned with islands and strewn

with dangerous rocks. Yet for 3,500 miles the Captain patiently charted and surveyed this difficult coast.

On leaving Cook Inlet, they had to go westward, to get round that long, long arm that stretches out toward Asia. Day by day, as they sailed westward, ever westward, seeking a passage through to the north and finding none, their hearts must have failed them.

They passed a great volcano down on the edge of the sea rising in a conical peak against the sky; this must have been Katmai, which in 1912 broke out in one of the most tremendous eruptions known to history. An area of 1,600 square miles around the volcano was created a National Monument by President Wilson. It is called "The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes," from the innumerable geysers and vents for steam which occur everywhere over a huge district. The American Geographic Society sent out no less than five expeditions to study the conditions of volcanic action after the great eruption.

At length the two small ships, under the leadership of Captain Cook, rounded the most westerly point of Alaska in the face of a fierce current, and found the Behring Sea open to them. They had left Nootka Sound (Vancouver) on April 26, and the day of this achievement was June 27, so that for two months they had been battling along this dangerous coast.

The long string of the Aleutian Islands stretches out like the tail of a kite from Alaska, and on the north side of one of them, Unalaska, there is a magnificent harbour called Samganoodha. Here the ships found safe anchorage before starting northwards once more.

All about this region, in spite of the severe climatical

conditions, there are potentialities for great wealth. Blue and silver foxes are reared on the outlying islands for the sake of their skins. Pribiloff Island, lying out to sea, is the very centre of the great sealing trade. Salmon canneries line the coasts. Fur-bearing animals are trapped on the mainland. The gold discovered in the Yukon district brought thousands prospecting on the Alaska side, and the port of Nome, the site of which the expedition was soon to pass, is very busy at certain seasons of the year.

The ships did not stay here long, and on proceeding a severe loss was sustained in the death of Mr. Anderson, the surgeon on board the *Resolution*, who had been the Captain's right-hand man in all scientific investigations.

The Captain named an island after his late officer. Then they passed a cape, called by him Cape Newenham, and anchored beyond it. Here were found a people distinctly Esquimaux in appearance and habits. Their canoes were made of skins stretched over a wooden frame, and were called *bidarkas*; they were very like Greenlanders, Captain Cook observes, a remark which has been since confirmed by that great authority, Dr. Knud Ramassen, who believes them to have had a common origin in the centre of Canada.

It was shortly after this that the men of the *Resolution* and *Discovery* saw ahead of them that strange fluttering light known as ice-blink, which betokens a field of ice, and then they came upon herds of walrus, which they called sea-horses. The meat of these proved good eating to those who had had nothing but salt beef and fish so long.

Slowly they continued their amazing voyage to

Norton Sound, where they anchored and found many wild berries growing freely. Here they got wood and fresh water, and held further intercourse with the Esquimaux.

With such incidents to help them onward the little ships crept northward to the cape which their leader called Cape Prince of Wales, the nearest point of the continent of America to the continent of Asia. Only thirty-six miles of shallow sea, usually frozen over between November and April, separates the two.

CHAPTER XI

COOK AS A GOD

Nome is on the northern shore of Norton Sound. Passing this site unconscious of the great developments time was to bring, the expedition went forward to the narrow strait between the two continents. Though it was August, the mercury hovered about freezing-point, sometimes above and sometimes below, and any water left on deck was usually frozen over.

Behring had been here in 1728, and had stated that a large island called Alaschka lay directly in the strait, and Cook was working from a map made by Staehlin, on which this island was marked, so he was considerably puzzled by the geography of the place, especially as there are several inlets, which run deeply into the land, and might well be taken to cut off an island lying near shore. However, he went over to the Asian coast, and arriving there on August 10, called the bay in

which he anchored St. Lawrence's Bay, after the saint whose day it was. Behring, who had been here on the same date 150 years before, had called a large island to the south, lying quite clear of the land, by the same name.

They were now close to the Arctic Circle, and when they resumed their journey they soon saw the flicker and blink of ice-fields ahead.

On August 16, 1778, "at half past two, being in 70° 41″ North latitude, we tacked close to the edge of the ice in twenty-two fathoms of water, not being able to stand on any further, for the ice was quite impenetrable, and stretched as far as the eye could see. . . . On the 18th at noon, our latitude was 70° 44″, and we were five leagues farther to the eastward. We were at this time close to the edge of the ice, which was as compact as a wall, and seemed to be ten or twelve feet high at least, but farther northward it appeared much higher. Its surface was extremely ragged, and here and there we saw upon it pools of water."

This was the farthest north they reached, and when they came in sight of land they named the point to the east Icy Cape. This was not again touched until Captain Beechey rounded it in 1826. It is true that in 1772 Hearne had reached an even higher latitude, for he discovered the mouth of the Coppermine River in latitude 72° W., but he came to it overland. His journey was most remarkable, for he traversed 1,300 miles of previously unknown country.

"Our situation was now more and more critical," says Captain Cook. "We were in shoalwater upon a lee shore, and the main body of the ice to windward driving down upon us . . . the only direction open was to the south-west."

Giving up the idea of attempting to force a passage that season, Captain Cook set out for the Asiatic side. "The weather was as thick as ever and it snowed incessantly."

On September 6, being then able to see his way, he went over to the American side, working southward on his homeward track.

His accurate and careful survey cleared up for ever the question about the island. He proved beyond doubt that there was no such thing lying in the strait. The ships anchored once more in Norton Sound, and then made their way back to the island of Unalaska, where they had been on the way up, and remained awhile there in the harbour of Samganoodha. Here were met three Russian traders, who undertook to carry a letter from Captain Cook to the Admiralty and forward it across Siberia. This letter, giving an account of the northern adventures, was in course of time received in London, and is now in the Admiralty archives.

After this the two small ships prepared to sail straight for the Sandwich Islands, and Captain Cook gave Captain Clerke a place of meeting there, in case they lost each other on the way.

On the 26th of November they sighted some of this group, which they had not yet seen. Canoes soon came off from a small island afterwards proved to be Mowee, and brought a supply of cuttle-fish, bread-fruit, plantains and small pigs, which were bought for nails and iron tools. A day or so later Hawaii was discovered, which is written Owhyhee in the journals. It is so much the largest of the group that it comprises two-thirds of the whole area, being 4,210 square miles.

As they drew near to it they saw the high mountains in the interior covered with snow. Though the canoes came out here also the Captain did not land, but being anxious to find good anchorage, and to get a clear idea of the coast of this large island, he stood away to round it, and found himself in some difficulty with the surf—under a very variable squally wind. For awhile the *Resolution* lost sight of the *Discovery* in her wide tacks, but they rejoined each other after a day or so.

All unconscious that his career was to be cut short by violence among this very people, Captain Cook writes, among almost the last words of his journal: "I had never met with a behaviour so free from reserve and suspicion in my intercourse with any tribes of savages, as we experienced in the people of this island."

Thus they passed the 1st of January, 1779, the last New Year the indomitable Captain was ever to see. The *Discovery* rejoined them on the 7th, having been out of sight since December 22.

On January 16 they at last discovered what promised to be a fine bay in which to anchor, and Mr. Bligh, the Master, who was cast adrift in an open boat by his mutinous crew when in command of the *Bounty* ten years later, was sent with a boat to examine it.

At eleven o'clock, however, the report being favourable, the ships went in, and anchored in the bay of Kara-kakooa, not far from the village of Kakooa. At this point, before landing, Captain Cook wrote the last words of his journal:

"I had nowhere in the course of my voyages seen so numerous a body of people assembled at one place, for, besides those who had come off to us in canoes, all the shore of the bay was

covered with spectators, and many hundreds were swimming round the ship like shoals of fish. We could not but be struck by the singularity of the scene, and perhaps there were few on board who now lamented our having failed in our endeavours to find a northern passage homeward last summer. To this disappointment we owed our having it in our power to revisit the Sandwich islands, and to enrich our voyage with a discovery which, though the last, seemed in many respects to be the most important that had hitherto been made by Europeans throughout the extent of the Pacific Ocean."

Here the journal ends, and the remainder of the voyage is described in the words of Captain King, who wrote an account of all that happened on the loss of his superior officer.

Two inferior Chiefs, Pareea and Kaneena, came out presently to the ships in the bay, and explained that the paramount Chief, Terreeoboo, was absent on a military expedition to the island of Mowee. These two men were helpful and friendly.

When it was pointed out to them that the little *Discovery* was positively being dragged down on one side by the weight of people hanging on her, they immediately ordered them all off, and when the crowd on the decks of the *Resolution* impeded any sort of business, they did the same, even throwing into the sea one man who did not move hastily enough, while the rest dived overboard into the water with as much confidence as porpoises, and kept on swimming round and round until they could see a chance of getting aboard again.

Both the chiefs were good-looking, finely developed men, but they brought with them a most unprepossessing person, Koah, a priest, though not the chief priest, for he was absent with the King. Koah

was a little emaciated old man, with sore red eyes and signs of leprous scurf about his body. It says much for the fortitude of Captain Cook, that he submitted to have a cloak thrown over his shoulders by such a creature, but he was always willing to sacrifice his personal feelings to ensure friendly relations with the natives of the islands at which he landed. A small pig was also offered to him, and he was addressed by the name of Orono or Lono.

But this was nothing to what followed, when he presently went ashore, for there four men who carried staves tipped with dogs' hair marched before him, and the greater part of the crowd retired into the distance, the few who remained prostrating themselves with their faces to the ground at his approach.

At one end of the beach, in the bay, was a *morai*, a huge solid pile of stones, forty yards long, twenty broad, and some forty feet above the level of the ground. The top formed a platform, divided into two parts, on one of which was a sort of rickety scaffolding twenty feet higher than the platform.

The priest, who had met Captain Cook and Lieutenant King on their arrival, led them thither. It turned out afterwards that the islanders supposed the Lieutenant to be Cook's son, and so they included him in their ceremonies. To this we owe the fact that we have the account of an eyewitness to what followed. The Captain and Lieutenant were marched to the top of the pile by roughly cut steps. There they saw some rude images of the kind they had frequently seen elsewhere in the islands. These were coarsely carved with distorted features, and had a long conical piece of

wood arising from their heads. They were wrapped in pieces of red cloth.

A young man with a beard met them here, and he and Koah chanted a kind of litany. Under the scaffolding twelve images were ranged in a semicircle, and in front of them was a putrid hog and offerings of fruit of the usual kinds. Captain Cook was led to the front of these, and Koah, after making a motion of presenting the hog, dropped it, and then seized him by the arm, and together they mounted the crazy scaffolding, the Captain meantime submitting with the utmost good-humour, and keeping as grave as he could. Other men next appeared, carrying a live hog and a cloak of red cloth. This hog was also offered to the Captain, and Koah, with some difficulty owing to his exalted position, flung the red cloak around him. The two priests chanted for a considerable time, while the Captain, precariously perched on the scaffolding, and encumbered by his great red cloak, held on as well as he could.

At length he was allowed to come down, and after some small ceremonies was taken into the other division of the platform, where he was seated between two wooden idols, while Lieutenant King and Koah, one on each side, supported his arms.

More natives then appeared, carrying this time a baked hog and many fruits. After further chanting, the pig was cut up, and *ava* was made. This native drink is prepared in an intolerable fashion by chewing the roots and spitting into a bowl. Captain Cook even agreed to taste the resulting brew, though the unpleasant process had been gone through under his very nose.

But what followed was worse, for Pareea, who was among the natives, fed Lieutenant King with pieces of pig, while the Captain had them handed to him by the loathly Koah, who had a short time before been handling the putrid hog. Seeing him averse from accepting them, the priest chewed pieces in his own mouth, and then passed them on!

At last the two Englishmen were allowed to go, and were glad enough to get away, though Captain Cook was always intensely interested in the many curious native ceremonies he saw. Next day the ships were again beset by crowds, so that almost every hour the decks had to be cleared, when two or three hundred women leaping off into the water at once, greatly amused the sailors.

An observatory had been set up on shore, and among other activities of the crews, numbers of hogs were salted for the homeward voyage. Whenever Captain Cook came on shore he was met by one of the priests, who walked before him, ordering the people to prostrate themselves; this he found mildly inconvenient. On January 24, however, to the great surprise of everyone on board, the bay was found to be quite empty, and not a single canoe came out. Presently they heard that King Terreeoboo had returned, and that the vessels had been placed under taboo until he visited them. This word "taboo," which is derived from these peoples, is now freely used in English. Terreeoboo came in the afternoon, and stayed until ten o'clock.

The next day, he and the subordinate chiefs were seen to embark in canoes in all the paraphernalia of gorgeous feathered cloaks and helmets, and with them

Kaoo, the chief priest, beside whom were some of the grotesque idols. "These were busts of a gigantic size, made of wicker-work, and curiously covered with small feathers of various colours, wrought in the same manner as their cloaks. Their eyes were made of large pearl oysters, and a black nut fixed in the centre; their mouths were set with a double row of the fangs of dogs, and, together with the rest of their features, were strangely distorted" (Lieutenant King).

But instead of coming on board, the canoes merely paddled round the ships and returned to the shore, so Captain Cook went on shore too, arriving about the same time.

The King received him with great ceremony, and many cloaks were brought as gifts to him, and much food. Captain Cook sat next the King, and the priests chanted for a while. After this the King and chiefs again came on board the *Resolution*, this time by invitation, being taken thither in the pinnace, and the Captain gave them presents in return for what he had received, including a linen shirt which doubtless he could ill spare. He also girt his own hanger on Terreeoboo, feeling he could do no less.

Before His Majesty left, permission was given for the taboo to be raised, so that the men of the island could come to trade again, but the women did not appear.

The first character for honesty which the Captain had given these natives had by this time been proved too optimistic; they were thieves like all the rest. A large amount of petty pilfering went on, and one rogue even tried to draw the nails out underneath the ship, from the sheathing, which he did with a short

stick to which was fixed a flint. Being as much at home in the water as on land, this ingenious plan did not present too great difficulties to an islander, but it was fortunately discovered in time, or the ship would have filled and sunk.

During most of the time Captain Clerke had been ill, and unable to go ashore, but when he did go, he was received with much the same ceremony as Captain Cook. One day a boxing match was arranged among the islanders, and all the ships' company not on guard went to see it. Another day a gloom fell over them all at the death of an old seaman called William Watman, who had served with Captain Cook on his voyage to discover the Antarctic continent. This caused special sadness on board the *Resolution*, where the old man had been much beloved. He was buried with ceremony on shore, and a post with his name and the date was placed at the head of the grave, the King solemnly promising it should not be removed.

The amazing hospitality of the islanders continued; they did not mind in the least when the sailors asked if they might cut away the rail surrounding the *morai*, for firewood; and though one of the men had the audacity to carry off one of the graven images, still they showed no mark of resentment, and even assisted him, or it would have been immediately restored.

At length the day of departure was fixed for February 4, the ships having been lying for over a fortnight in the bay. On the preceding day the King invited Captain Cook and his First Lieutenant to meet him at the place where the chief priest resided. Here he showed them a mass of articles, ranging from hatchets and ironware, which had been obtained from

the ships in trade bargains, to quantities of native-made cloth, and bunches of red and yellow feathers, besides any amount of food. The King explained this had all been sent to him as tribute from his subjects; then sorting the things into three parts, he kept one part for himself, and presented the other two to the astonished Captain and Lieutenant, who were overcome by his magnificent generosity.

Early on the morning of the 4th of February, 1779, the *Resolution* unmoored and sailed away, followed by the *Discovery*, and kept in company by a vast number of canoes. Captain Cook was anxious to complete the survey which he had made of the island, by passing along the north, so they did not go clear away, but kept in sight of land. Koah had come with them for awhile, and had showed his affection for Captain Cook's country by changing his name to Britannee. Besides him there were numbers of the women who had been left behind on board unable to get off. These were nearly all sea-sick, so the conditions were not very comfortable.

As there did not seem to be any suitable bay where he could put them ashore as he had intended, and as a gale of wind came on which broke over the foremast of the *Resolution*, the Captain decided to return to Kara-kakooa, where they could repair the damage comfortably, and get rid of their undesired passengers. However, they had to beat about in violent winds for some days, until at last, on February 11, 1779, seven days after leaving, they anchored again in almost the same spot as before.

CHAPTER XII

DEATH OF THE CAPTAIN

This time no canoes paddled out to crowd round the ships, no shouts of welcome or tumult of excitement greeted them, all was silent and deserted. A boat was sent on shore to find out what this meant, and returned with the news that the King was absent, and had left the bay under taboo. The next day, however, Terreeoboo arrived, and the taboo was removed. He came to visit Captain Cook, and everything seemed to be all right.

An officer was sent ashore to fill the water-casks, and he met with some hostility, the mob even beginning to throw stones. Lieutenant King thereupon spoke to the Chiefs, who quieted the people and allowed the water to be taken.

Captain Cook came ashore just in time to hear this. While he was still talking to his First Lieutenant, shots were heard coming from the *Resolution*, and a canoe was seen paddling toward the shore in great haste, followed by a small boat, so that the firing was evidently meant to stop the canoe. Judging this to be a case of some unusually audacious theft, the Captain and Lieutenant ran toward the landing-place, but the canoe got there before them, and the men in her, springing out, ran into the woods.

As a matter of fact, the goods stolen—a pair of tongs from the armourer's forge—had been already restored, and the pursuit was only for the purpose of punishment. Not knowing this, the two officers

followed the offenders some way, when, being unable to find them, they returned to the beach.

Meantime the officer in command of the small boat which had followed in pursuit, seeing that the thieves had escaped him, proceeded to destroy the canoe they had left behind, as the best punishment he could inflict. The Chief Pareea arriving on the scene at that moment, claimed the canoe as his own, and an argument followed, in which both sides joined with some heat, as a party of the natives, talking volubly, surrounded the boat's crew and hemmed them in. In the scuffle that followed, Pareea was unfortunately knocked down by an oar which a sailor was swinging about to clear a space. Naturally enough, seeing their chief felled, the natives picked up some of the stones which were lying abundantly around them and threw a shower at the Englishmen. So forcible was their attack that the Englishmen were forced to swim off to a rock to escape from the violent impact of the stones. Thereupon the enraged islanders set upon their boat, and would have ransacked it, but that Pareea, who had now recovered from the blow, nobly interposed. He seemed none the worse, and after driving away the looters he signalled to the sailors to come back again.

When they returned to the beach he restored some trifling articles, assured them he would discover and restore the rest, and was very anxious to know if "Lono" would be very angry at the affair. The officer in charge assured him the matter would be overlooked, and he went off to the village.

When Captain Cook returned from his expedition after the offenders he was greatly concerned at what had happened, and expressed a fear that these people

DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK. *Page 78*

On landing the Captain went to the village of Kowrowa, on that side of the bay, where Terreeoboo lived. Here he was taken to the King by his two young sons, boys of about sixteen or so, who had been many times on board the *Resolution*. He invited them to go back with him now, and the boys immediately ran down to the waterside and seated themselves in the pinnace. The King expressed himself willing to come too, but when he reached the boats one of his wives, the mother of the boys, besought him with tears not to go. By this time hundreds of natives had appeared, and surrounded the group, and there was much excitement among them, for most of them knew the cutter had been stolen. It was an extraordinary situation. The King was by this time seated on the ground in a huddled mass, exhibiting signs of terror and dejection. The women were weeping and wailing. The marines were drawn up in order about thirty yards off. Captain Cook, after much gentle persuasion, gave up his point as he saw the King was so unwilling. He was afraid to use force lest it might result in bloodshed, so he walked along the shore toward the tents, where Lieutenant King was.

But a most unfortunate incident, of which he knew nothing, had occurred in the bay. In pursuance of his orders that no canoes were to be allowed out of the bay until the cutter was restored, some of the armed men in the boats, which were stationed to prevent an attempted exit, had fired at a canoe which persisted in disregarding their signals, and by bad luck had killed a Chief in her. This news, reaching the shore, excited the warriors among the islanders so greatly that they hastened to put on their fighting mats to

protect themselves from injury, while the women and children disappeared as if by magic. A very dangerous situation had developed. One of the natives, flourishing a huge iron spike with one hand, and raising a great stone with the other, came close up to the Captain, who after again and again warning him to keep away, at length fired a charge of small shot at him. This did no harm as it struck the fighting mat, which was tough, and the sound of the shot caused increased irritation and ferment in the crowd. Stones began to be thrown with deadly intent, and one of the natives attempted to stab Mr. Phillips, who was in charge of the marines. Mr. Phillips promptly knocked him down with the butt-end of his musket. Seeing that strong measures must be taken before it was too late, Captain Cook loaded with ball and fired to drive the surging mob back. But instead of their all flying into the woods as he had expected, the sight of one of their party falling redoubled their fury.

Then followed a horrible scene of confusion, so that it was difficult even for an eyewitness to state the exact truth. A dangerous storm of great stones, flung with terrible force, was answered by a volley from the marines, but before they had time to reload, the savages fell upon them and killed four men, while three more were dangerously wounded. Lieutenant Phillips had been stabbed in the back, but not mortally, and he shot the man who did it. The boats' crews in the offing now fired to protect their own men, who had flung themselves into the water to swim off to them. Captain Cook, as ever, was anxious to spare lives if it could possibly be done. He glanced around to see where the boats were, and even as the order to refrain

from firing was on his lips he was stabbed in the back, and fell face downward into the water. So great was the awe in which he was held that not one of that crowd had dared to attack him to his face, but the instant he turned away, the occasion was seized for the treacherous blow. His fall was the signal for a wild orgy of savagery; the brute in the islanders was let loose. They fell upon his body with war-whoops, and first pressing him down under the water, they stabbed him in a hundred places. The boats, remembering his constant adjurations not to kill senselessly, stood off a little way seeing he was dead, and ceased firing.

This was at only eight o'clock in the morning of Valentine's Day, February 14, 1779, and thus died the man whose humanity toward the island races, whose generosity in supplying them with livestock and seeds, had been almost incredible. He, who had always been moderate, just and firm, was brutally murdered in a mêlée.

On the news of the Captain's death, silence followed for half an hour. Men and officers alike were stunned by the greatness of their calamity and could not believe it. Captain Cook was so far above an ordinary Captain of his time, so skilled in science, so strong and firm, that it seemed impossible that he who had successfully warded off death for his crew by his dieting and personal knowledge of medicine, should have been hacked to death in a brawl. As Gilbert writes: "Grief was visible in every countenance; some expressing it by tears, and others by a kind of gloomy dejection, more easy to be conceived than described; for as all our hopes centred in him our loss became irreparable,

and the sense of it was so deeply impressed upon our minds as not to be forgot."

Five midshipmen volunteered to go ashore in a boat and try to recover the Captain's body. The midshipmen failed in their gallant attempt, as the bodies had all been carried off into the hills. Among them was Vancouver, who was afterwards to give his name to that important island off the coast of America, which he had visited at Nootka Sound with his famous Captain. It was he who discovered that it was an island in 1792.

While all this was going on, Lieutenant King, near the *morai* at the far, or south, end of the beach, was in the greatest alarm and anxiety. He had had with him at first only six marines. When they saw the crowds gathering, and the angry gesticulations, they were very uneasy, but owing to the mob of people could not make out details. Finally, the news of the death of Captain Cook was brought to them by the priest Kaireekeea.

When the ships' boats drew off the shore out of reach, the angry natives came on toward the *morai*, and though they did not attack the tents, which were in a piece of ground marked taboo by the Chiefs, they were very menacing. Captain Clerke, seeing this from the ship, ordered two of the great guns to be fired, to drive them away. One broke down a coconut tree, and another shivered a rock, and thus demonstrated the power that the Europeans had at their command.

Mr. Bligh presently came from the ships in a boat carrying orders that the sails and mast were to be sent on board with the rest of the gear. But, seeing nothing further was done, the natives began to venture out

again from the wooded jungle, and screening themselves behind low walls put up roughly as breastworks, began throwing stones. They even tried to storm the *morai*, on the summit of which Lieutenant King had now placed the marines, so that they could command all sides with their muskets. This led to shooting, and a good many of the natives were killed, which drove them off for a time. Fortunately a strong reinforcement from the ships now arrived, or the situation might have been desperate. Lieutenant King then sensibly got hold of one of the priests, and making him an envoy, suggested that if the natives would stop attacking and stone-throwing, there should be no more firing. This had the desired effect, and the mast and sails were got safely into the boats. It was eleven-thirty when the party arrived at the ship again.

In all, some twenty-five of the islanders had been killed in the two affrays, including five Chiefs, among whom were Kaneena and his brother.

All night there was keening and lamentations from the shores, with the flickering of lights all over the island, and much commotion. But when the morning came there were no signs of any intention to bring the Captain's body off. The seamen learned later that the old King had been so terrified at what had happened, he expected to be instantly executed by the English, and had retired into the hills, and had had himself drawn up by ropes into an otherwise inaccessible cave.

The next day with the continued forbearance on the part of the English, the natives got more and more audacious, one man actually coming within hail of the ships, waving Captain Cook's hat over his head, and flinging impotent stones. All the sailors in a body

begged that they might be allowed to avenge the death of their captain, so the guns were got into place. Immediately the natives perceived this, they vanished into their fastnesses, but two long-shot brought out Koah in a great hurry begging for peace, and again making promises as to the bones of Captain Cook, the body, he said, had been burned, as was done in the case of their own Chiefs.

It was necessary for some of the sailors to go ashore to fill the water-casks, and in doing this they were perpetually harassed by the natives, who flung stones at them from behind walls, and so worried them that they were obliged to be perpetually on guard, and got very little water. At length leave was given to them by their officers to set fire to some huts near the watering-place, behind which their assailants took shelter. It was only natural that the sailors, burning with indignation, should avail themselves to the utmost of this permission, and they did it with such goodwill that, a wind blowing in the right quarter, they soon had the whole village blazing. Several natives were shot also, and two Irishmen cut off the heads of two of them, and then, capturing another, forced him to go off to the ship in the boat with his comrades' heads. They did this, somewhat brutally, to frighten him, but the officers would not permit them to bring the heads on board. Directly the terrified man was allowed to go, never did a fish take to the water and disappear with more rapidity than he. Later in the day he came out in his canoe with fish and fruit to show his gratitude for his escape.

The burning of the village had the desired effect; the next day the watering was allowed to proceed

without molestation, for the natives were now convinced it was not want of power to punish them that made the sailors refrain, but only extreme forbearance, a thing they found most difficult to understand.

Meantime the carpenters had been hard at work repairing the foremast, making new "cheeks" for it out of an old anchor stock. They had great difficulty in getting it into position, for the tackle was so rotten it broke again and again. On the morning of the 20th of February, however, the work was completed. Between ten and eleven o'clock a procession came off from the shore bringing the bones of Captain Cook with all due solemnity. His skull and hands, and leg and arm bones, were brought, wrapped in new cloth, and it was explained that this was all Terreeoboo could send, as it was all that he had received as his portion of the bones.

Accordingly a solemn naval funeral was carried out the next afternoon, and even the roughest sailor's eyes were wet with sorrow. The bay lay under taboo, and was quite deserted for the occasion.

On the 22nd, the taboo having been removed, supplies were taken in, and at eight that evening the ships finally departed.

But even yet the sailors, who had so long been parted from their families, were not to go home; in pursuance of Admiralty orders, Captain Clerke felt bound to make one more attempt to penetrate the icy passage by Behring's Straits. Accordingly they sailed northward, landing at Petropaulovska (the port of St. Peter and St. Paul) in Kamtschatka, where the Russian officers and garrison received them with the utmost hospitality. They not only provided abundance of food, but made

a present of 400 pounds of tobacco, to be divided among the crews. It is good to know that the Lords of the Admiralty subsequently requited this generosity by sending to the garrison a magnificent piece of silver plate for the mess table.

Then the ships went on, and reached 70° 33″, or only 8″ below the farthest north of Captain Cook. Captain Clerke had never been robust, and now, under the continued strain of responsibility and the arduous conditions of these northern regions, his health gave way, and he died August 22, 1779.

He was then only thirty-eight, and had seen a great deal of the world in his naval career. Beginning as a midshipman, he had been in the *Dolphin*, and gone round the world for the first time with Captain Byron; as Master's mate in the *Endeavour*, he had been round again with Captain Cook in his first voyage of discovery, and the third time on his second voyage in the *Resolution* as Lieutenant.

The ships now fell under the command of Lieutenant Gore, who became Captain of the *Resolution*, and Lieutenant King, who became Captain of the *Discovery*, with the adjustment of lesser ranks accordingly. They returned to Petropaulovska, where Captain Clerke was buried, as he had expressed a strong desire for a land burial if it were possible.

They then returned homeward by Japan and China, stopping at Macao on November 30, 1779. They here got supplies from Canton, and the sailors found a most profitable market for the furs they had brought with them from Siberia. Two men deserted here, possibly with the idea of beginning a trade in such furs, and they were not recaptured.

The Cape was reached on April 12 the following year, and the Governor of Cape Town, Baron Plettenburg, expressed himself full of sorrow at the death of Captain Cook. He had two large pictures of Van Tromp and De Ruyter on his walls, and had left a space between which he said could only be filled by a picture of the illustrious explorer.

Owing to the war then being carried on between Great Britain and France and Spain, it was considered advisable to proceed by the west of Ireland, and make for the Orkneys, so as to avoid the Channel, where only a year before sixty-six sail of the line had paraded up and down defying our country. Since then, it is true, Sir George Rodney's defeat of the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent had cleared the Channel. But in spite of this, and the fact that the French Commanders had had instructions not to harm these particular ships, it was thought safer to keep out of the way. The *Resolution* and *Discovery* anchored, therefore, first in Stromness, and then sailed down the east coast to the Nore, arriving there on October 4, 1780, four years, two months and twenty-two days since they started. In all that time the *Resolution* had lost but five men by illness, and the *Discovery* not a man.

News of the death of the great explorer had been sent overland by Petropaulovska, and was already known. None the less the return of the two ships, with both the commanders missing, caused universal sadness.

CHAPTER XIII

WHAT REMAINS

The authorised narrative of this epoch-making voyage did not appear until 1784. It came out in three quarto volumes at the price of four and a half guineas, and contained eighty-six plates, the engraving of which, with the maps, had been the cause of delay. Every copy was bought up immediately, and a second issue was made the following year.

To understand the excitement caused by Captain Cook's voyages we must remember that the whole of the existing atlases had to be re-drawn on account of the discoveries he had made. Not in one part of the earth only had he made additions to geography, but in every quarter of the globe. He is best known to school children as the "Circumnavigator"; certainly he sailed completely round the world three times, but he did far more than that. The work of previous explorers had often been cursory: they had come across some new land in the course of their voyaging and noted it without examining it, or even in some cases without landing; but Cook not only discovered new lands, but most carefully and ably surveyed those which had been seen by others.

As a Lieutenant he began by making a most accurate survey of the St. Lawrence River and the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador. But when he started in command of an expedition himself, his range was extended. He proved New Zealand to be two islands, whereas it had always previously been supposed to be

attached to some Antarctic continent. He surveyed the whole of the east coast of Australia, hitherto uncharted and unknown; this, too, in spite of the tremendous dangers of the Great Barrier Reef. He discovered and assigned correct positions to hundreds of the South Sea Islands, a work even more tedious and perplexing than the straightaway survey of any length of coast. He was the first to penetrate beyond the Antarctic Circle, and to see the great wall of ice, which proved such a terrific barrier to future explorers in this direction. Not satisfied with this, he volunteered to attempt the " North-west " passage, as it was called, by way of the Behring Strait and Arctic Circle. On his way thither he surveyed the west coast of America from California northward, which had previously been left blank on the maps. He penetrated farther into the icy regions of the Arctic seas than any explorer had yet done, and proved that there was no island lying in the fairway between Asia and Alaska.

But his geographical discoveries by no means exhaust his record. Comprehensive as was the Admiralty programme set out for him, he was equal to it. In combination with the men of science and the officers who sailed with him, he enlarged knowledge in all directions: geological formations, plants, animals, races of mankind, were carefully noted down. His system was accurate and his observation minute.

At great inconvenience to himself, and with immense trouble, he introduced domestic animals and the roots and seeds of vegetables into the distant parts of the earth, repeating his gifts again and again to ensure success. He carried with him also in superlative degree into these far lands the qualities of justice and for-

bearance which have usually characterised British discoverers, and he made the name of Britain everywhere respected, while his own name was regarded by the savage races in many cases not only with reverence but with actual love. To this day that name is beloved in the Pacific islands among those who have succeeded to the traditions of their fathers, and not least in the very island, where, in a sudden gust of suspicion and rage, he was brutally struck down from behind.

The ship's officers who visited Hawaii subsequently, found there universal shame and sorrow because his tragic end lay upon its people. His remaining bones were even worshipped as the relics of a god. The explanation of the savage attack on one who had in a most uncommon degree the art of winning over the confidence and affection of unsophisticated peoples, was given long after by some of the Hawaiians. They said they had had a tradition among themselves that a great god called Rono had left the island in by-gone days, promising to return some time, bringing pigs and dogs. So, when this stately Commander appeared, bringing livestock, and walking with a dignified air, they believed him to be the long-expected god in a new form. They lavished upon him all the resources of their island; they grudged him nothing, and as he submitted to their curious rites, not understanding them, this confirmed them in the idea that he was indeed Rono.

But when, after having sailed away, he returned again so quickly, their enthusiasm had evaporated. Their stores were all depleted, there had been some among them who spoke of the death of one of the ship's company who was buried on shore, and asked, would

a god have allowed him to die like a mere mortal? Murmurings arose, and they swelled to one of those gusts of frenzy to which all untutored people are subject. No one would have stabbed the Captain so long as he faced them with his untroubled grey eyes, but when he turned away a moment, some rapscallion struck at him with his pahooa, no doubt crying out he would see if he were a god. Then, after a moment's horror, the rest saw the Captain fall and bleed like anyone else. His godship was stripped from him. The sullen anger of the mob at the remembrance of all they had given him leaped to flame, and they raved and stabbed and thrust at his body, as if he had purposely betrayed them.

To-day in Hawaii a monument marks the spot where he fell. It was put up almost a hundred years later, and when the islands were annexed to the United States it was vested in the British Government. The islands are Americanised, and the group has been renamed the Hawaiian Islands instead of the Sandwich Islands. In one is the great town of Honolulu, an American city in all but name, with its tramways and University; but this spot of land in Hawaii itself remains for ever British, in memory of the greatest discoverer ever born in these islands. A man whose courage, energy, temperate life, superb mental gifts and irreproachable character, make him notable as one of the greatest of England's sons in any direction. The tall white obelisk which overlooks the creamy lines of surf stands out against a richly gorgeous background of green. Near by is the shipping port of Napoopoo, where tons of coffee are exported from Hawaii. The Christian religion has been estab-

lished, idols, human sacrifices and other horrid customs have vanished. The history of the islands is interesting. Vancouver, who had been there with Cook as a midshipman at the time of his terrible death, visited the islands again in 1792-94. The King—at that time Kamchancha—asked him to send out missionaries from England. Apparently the death of Captain Cook, after he had been treated as a deity, had profoundly disturbed the islanders; they had discarded their old rites without taking on any new religion. American missionaries got there first, and the whole community were not only christianised but taught the simplest elements of education. Some thirty years later, in 1824, King Kamchancha II., and his Queen came to England on a visit, where, unfortunately, they both died. It is probable that the damp and cold of the Northern Hemisphere, and the unaccustomed food may have accounted for this, but the islanders, who, even after that lapse of time, were profoundly sensible of the stain that rested on them for the brutal murder of the man who had done more for them than any other had ever done, set it down as a judgment for the death of Captain Cook.

It is a pity that this man, who combined in himself so much ability and so many outstanding qualities, should have left no direct descendants.

At the time of his death he had three sons living: James, who was in the Navy, and was about sixteen years old; Nathaniel, a year younger, also in the Navy; and Hugh, a child of three or four. Nathaniel was lost in the *Thunderer* the very day that the battered *Resolution* and *Discovery* cast anchor in the Nore. James lived to attain the rank of Commander, but lost his

life fourteen years later when going out to the *Spitfire* sloop-of-war which he commanded. Hugh, the youngest, a student at Christ's College, Cambridge, died there of scarlet fever five weeks before his brother.

Thus the widow was left alone, bereft of husband and children. The Admiralty had granted her a pension of £200 a year, which was, of course, proportionately more in those days that it would be now. She had also inherited a competence from her husband, so she was comfortably off. She lived to be ninety-three, thus having survived her husband fifty-six years.

Captain Cook's own father outlived him for a few weeks, dying at a great age, without having heard of the death of his illustrious son. The daughter Margaret, who had married Mr. Fleck, had a large family; her three sons all became Master-mariners, and their descendants were numerous. So that the family tradition and blood remain to enrich our nation.

JACOBUS COOK OCEANI INVESTIGATOR

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